

CHINA



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COMMENT OF THE DAY

CHINA TRADE

THE London Financial Times correspondent who has just returned from China has made the observation that the country's "austerity" programme makes the current outlook for exports of British manufactured goods appear most unpromising.

The fact that the correspondent has been in close touch with the Peking authorities of recent date only emphasises what many Hongkong importers and exporters have feared for some time.

China's revised second five-year plan gave a clear indication that little hope could be held out for the immediate future and that only those products which China requires to boost her own industries would have any possibility of entry.

But even then it also became very clear that such products would only be admitted on a very minor scale and not in the quantities visualised by the rank optimists.

In other words China has had to face realities and cut her cloth to fit her economy, relegating all the grandiose schemes of revitalising and rehabilitating the country overnight into the background.

BOOST MORALE

THE relaxation of the United Nations embargo only served to boost the morale of Western exporters and so far there has been little to show for the enthusiastic reception the announcement received in some quarters at the time.

An anticipated gusher of orders has turned out to be no more than a mere trickle and adding to Hongkong's difficulties is the apparent determination of Western exporters to bypass the Colony as far as possible, in favour of mainland ports. China, of course, has been a willing partner in this short circuiting for patently obvious reasons.

On top of this, as the Financial Times correspondent points out, "the regime's pre-occupation with the mammoth task of feeding a huge population will necessitate such a sharp cutback in agriculture exports—which represent 75 per cent of China's total volume of exports—that imports must suffer accordingly."

The future prospects are not clear but much may depend on the final analysis of the next harvest which, if prosperous, could ultimately lead to some revision of the Peking Government's present plans.

ASSURANCE TO BRITAIN

U.S. Promise To Consult Before Taking Action

MIDDLE EAST CRISIS

Washington, Sept. 6.

President Eisenhower will make no major move in the Middle East crisis without consulting Britain in advance, authoritative sources said tonight.

Such an assurance has been given in exchanges between Washington and London on the Syrian situation within the last 48 hours, it was learned.

The consultations were the closest ever undertaken on the Middle East since before the Suez Canal crisis last October, they said.—Reuters.

The Brigadier's Car Has Been Found!

But Who Took It? Police Ask

The Brigadier's car has been found.

Someone saw a report in the South China Morning Post this morning reporting the disappearance of the green coloured Vanguard and identified the vehicle which was parked in Forfar Road in the Kowloon City district. The civilian telephoned the Police at 8.30 this morning and the car was recovered.

FINGERPRINTS

The Police are making inquiries as to how the vehicle got to Kowloon City from Tsimshatsui. They are calling out fingerprint experts to try to trace the person who took the car without permission.

The vehicle was reported stolen by the driver who went for duty 7 am yesterday morning. Apparently it had been taken away from the car park off Whitfield Barracks, Kowloon, some time between Thursday night and Friday morning.

Man's Bid To Push Woman Under Train

Paris, Sept. 6. The French police today sent out an alarm for Eugene Grenier, 36, a firm worker, who allegedly tried to push Elise Jouet, 29, a Normandy gate-keeping keeper, under a train 20 minutes before her

husband returned from service in Algeria. The police said Mme Jouet, whose two and a half year old daughter Jocelyne witnessed the hair-raising incident, had repulsed Grenier's attentions. Just as the Paris-Crepy express was approaching the grade crossing and Mme Jouet was lowering the barrier, Grenier fired at her with his gun and wounded her. Then as the child screamed and Mme Jouet started to run along the tracks, Grenier seized her and tried to push her into the path of the train. She escaped his grasp, but he struck her over the head with the butt of his gun. A neighbour intervened and Grenier escaped.—France-Press.

Was Certain China Was Going To Invade India EVANGELIST MAKES FALSE PASSPORT APPLICATION

London, Sept. 6. An English evangelist who thought he could stop single-handed an invasion of India by the Chinese which he believed imminent pleaded guilty to a London court today to making a false statement to obtain a passport.

Howell Lloyd Hopkins, 31-year-old evangelist of Swansea, was convicted that China was preparing to invade India from Tibet, and that it was his duty to prevent it.

Or at least, as he modestly put it, to "protect British and American women and

children who would be in the way of the invading army." Hopkins had visited India on several occasions as a missionary. He was there in 1955, when he became quite certain that the Peking government was plotting a blitzkrieg against India. He said so. He was not believed. He became persona non grata, and had to leave the country.

Undaunted, he came back later that year, having altered his passport to the name of Morgan and grown a beard. He had,

however, forgotten to alter the photograph on the passport. He was sent away once more.

In April, 1957, feeling that he must waste no more time if India was to be saved at all, he shaved his beard and applied for a further passport, giving his correct name but a false address and pretending that he had not previously held a passport.

He was given a conditional discharge for 12 months. "This is an exceptional case," said the Judge.—France-Press.

Nasser Planned To Get Suez Canal In 1952

Paris, Sept. 6.

Egyptian plans to nationalise the Suez Canal dated back to 1952, Ali Sabri, President Gamal Abdel Nasser's chief political adviser, revealed in the semi-official weekly Al Tahrir.

Action was speeded up following withdrawal of the American promise of funds for building the Aswan Dam, he said.

Plans to nationalise the canal began seriously to be examined in 1954 and it was decided soon afterwards to proceed by gradual stages covering five years so that the canal would be fully nationalised in 1960, Sabri said.

Legally

In an interview with the Editor-in-Chief of Al Tahrir, Sabri said that Nasser had asked him to find means of carrying out nationalisation legally. The greatest difficulty was to collect information on the former universal Suez Canal Company without the company discovering Egypt's aim, Sabri said.

Sabri revealed that to do this he placed men of his own in the company's workshops and the same it clear to Egyptian leaders that management of the canal was not as complicated as Egypt had been led to suppose.

It was then that plans for gradual nationalisation were drawn up. Sabri also said that he went to London in August last year after the nationalisation of the canal as observer at the Suez Canal users conference with the aim of making the conference fail.

Peaceful

But at the subsequent Security Council meeting on the canal nationalisation he aimed at demonstrating that Egypt wished for a peaceful settlement of the canal problem.—France-Press.

VISITORS TO THAILAND

Bangkok, Sept. 6.

Indonesian President Sukarno will visit Thailand next November, the newspaper Bangkok Post said today.

The paper said the local Indonesian Embassy in a statement announced that President Sukarno "will make a five-day visit to Thailand."

The paper also attributed to the Indonesian Embassy a statement that President Tito of Yugoslavia will visit Indonesia next December.—United Press.

CHAPLIN'S NEW FILM LAMPOONS AMERICA

London, Sept. 6.

Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood's Number One refugee, hits out at the American scene next week with the screening of his new film, "The King in New York."

Chaplin, now living in Switzerland, pokes fun at almost every facet of American life in the movie, his first since "Limelight" five years ago.

Television, society, big business, pomposity, snobbery and McCarthyism all fall under the Chaplin hammer in the film, which many feel is his answer to American criticism that sent him into voluntary exile in 1952.

"The King in New York" was filmed in London and will get its premiere in London on Tuesday. Chaplin has no plans at present for releasing the picture in America.

His Message

The film carries the graying, 60-year-old Chaplin's usual "message to the masses," ordinarily the kiss of death for a film in Britain, but previewers have called it smash hit. Chaplin's story tells of a European monarch with no money who tries to peddle plans for atomic power for peaceful purposes only, in New York.

He achieves nationwide fame through an impromptu performance before a hidden television camera at a society ball. He also gets involved with a family that has refused to testify before an Un-American Activities Investigating Committee.

The King is called before the committee and is cleared of pro-Communist charges.

Pure Chaplin

Although many scenes are pure Chaplin—paper hangers covering themselves with paste, etc.—he tosses in many digs at the United States.

He mocks the investigating committee. He hits out at the power of television by showing bedrooms complete with TV sets.

Chaplin claims the film is not anti-American, although his friends concede he'll have a hard time getting Americans to accept this.

As usual, the opening titles will bring the first laughter. It is "Written by Charles Chaplin; produced by Charles Chaplin; music by Charles Chaplin; directed by Charles Chaplin." Chaplin, of course, plays the King.—United Press.

U.S. DAVIS CUP TEAM ANNOUNCED

Forest Hills, Sept. 6.

The United States will rely on the "old guard," with a sprinkling of youth for the inter-zone and, if necessary, challenge rounds of the Davis Cup.

The team, announced today, is: Gardnar Mulloy (43), Herb Flam, Vic Seixas (34), Hamilton Richardson (24), Ronald Holmberg (10), Barry Mackay (22).

A notable omission is Dudge Parry, who was expected to be chosen for doubles with Mulloy, with whom he won the Wimbledon title this year.

Though the selectors have chosen their team, the problems have not been resolved. Both Richardson and Savitt have been included, but it is by no means certain that they will accept.

Ultimatum

Richardson, who has made five Davis Cup trips with American teams, has issued an ultimatum: "If I go, my wife goes."

But the committee did not relax the "no wives" rule, and Richardson's attitude is awaited.

Seixas, former Wimbledon and United States champion, will be making his seventh Davis Cup tour.

It was later learned that Holmberg, a tall, blond crew-cut youngster, may not be able to go.

Holmberg has two scholarships worth \$10,000 and he is not keen to interrupt his studies unless he thought he would have a chance of playing.

"It is a bit early in the school term; I wouldn't mind going later on," he said.—Reuters.

New Diamond Deposits Discovered In Russia

London, Sept. 6.

Moscow dispatches have reported the finding of new diamond deposits somewhere in the Ural.

They coincided with reports that Russia is opening up her first diamond mine in Siberia, which is to become the centre of large scale production.

No details have so far become available, but the Soviets were reported to claim that the new centre might eventually yield half the world's present diamond output.

Russia has been suffering from a marked shortage of diamonds for industrial purposes.

The Soviet has been hinting from time to time that her search for diamonds within the Soviet Union area has met with increasing success.

The latest reports said the first mine in Siberia, named Trubka Mira, is now under construction.—United Press.

One Town Will Still Be Called Molotov

Moscow, Sept. 6. Local Communists who asked for the town and region of Molotov in the western Ural to be renamed, after the disgrace of the former Foreign Minister have not had their request fulfilled, it was learned tonight.

Molotov lies on the trans-Siberian railway by which Mr. Molotov may travel to take up his new post as Ambassador to Outer Mongolia. At Gorky, on the same railway, the Molotov motor car factory where Zim lousines are made, will also retain its name.

The newspaper Soviet Russia reported on July 5, two days

after Mr. Molotov, Mr. Malenkov and Mr. Kaganovich were expelled from the Communist Party presidium, that party activists of the Molotov region had called on the Government to restore its original name, Perm.

But the latest issue of the fortnightly official Supreme Soviet Gazette does not mention the town and region of Perm; biggest of those named after Molotov and 10 named after Kaganovich which are retained.

Moscow Radio's weather forecast tonight also mentioned the temperature in "the Molotov region."—Reuters.

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VARIETY PROGRAMME
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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

Silk Stockings:

"Silk Stockings" is still running at the Hoover and Liberty Theatres. Try and get a laugh out of that. If you can't, there is still an opportunity to squirm with mirth as that ludicrous trio step forward to sing "Siberia." It is not often I go to see a picture twice, but the second time I concentrated on Peter Lorre. Just watch his expression. He can do more with a flick of his hands or the flutter of an eyelid than most actors can with four pages of dialogue.

Then is not Cyd Charisse charming in that sophisticated ballet number as she dances round the suite uncovering all those pretty feminine delights forbidden by the puritan code of Moscow?

And what about having another look at the apartment in Moscow where the carefree spontaneous burst of high spirits is interrupted by the house-fuehrer, the solemn silence which salutes his passage from one room to another, accompanied by the dry drone of a reading from the gospel according to Lenin; the flare up directly his back is turned. And then there is Fred Astaire.

Inhumanity

Men in War:

War and the men who go to war has always been a fascinating subject for literary exploration from Homer through to Shakespeare, and Tolstoy to Edmund Blunden. It has proved no less a lodestone to the film writers and directors. Don't moralise about this because it is you, the box office client who pays to keep this kind of film in production.

But then I remember my generation flooded to see such masterpieces as "What Price Glory?", "All Quiet on the Western Front" while the very first Armistice Day had fallen only some ten years behind or so.

This current release, "Men in War" takes us to Korea to deal with the latest of man's organised inhumanity to man, and it is showing at the Metropole and Star Theatres.

The overworked adjectives of this picture are "realistic" and "authentic." Realistic it is, with the added thrill that none of the stuff thrown about on the screen will touch you. How authentic it is, I cannot say, but it is not improbable that a sergeant should, to quote the caption, "take the role of the lieutenant." But to me it shows something fundamentally wrong about the whole system of discipline.

Cat-spitting

Robert Ryan portrays the part of Lieutenant Benson, and Aldo Ray fills the role of Staff Sergeant Montana. The theme is a cat-spitting hatred mutually reciprocated by these two heroes on the battlefields of Korea. A thing for which will give this picture credit is that it discards the clichés of those rethought battles reproduced at Hollywood.

There is no sadistic sergeant who inflicts physical and mental torture on a sensitive conscript. There is no weeping kid who jokes while his platoon is being blasted to bits. There is no "let me like a hero fall" type; no officer sacrificing his platoon on the altar of patriotism, and best of all, no Hollywood Florence Nightingale stopping straight from a beauty parlour onto a blood drenched battlefield.

So if you like war from the comfort of an upholstered seat, this is your picture. I should advise all real soldiers not to go berserk when he sees Benson hurl a cascade of Silver Stars to the heroic defenders. It might seem unusual to see an officer going about with a pocket full of decorations to distribute at will, but other days, other ways.

Unfinished

A Hatful of Rain: "A Hatful of Rain" now showing at the Roxy and Broadway Theatres is an unfinished symphony of dope, and if the last movement was written in, it would be a dismal theme written in a minor key. I mean that. I think if we could see the end of the road, we should have an American version of one of those old Russian stories that used to fade out with the whole family looking forward to a lifetime of misery and despair. It is a hopeless and depressing theme, and I am rather shocked



Fred Astaire sprays the Iron Curtain represented by Cyd Charisse in "Silk Stockings", which is now showing at Hoover and Liberty.

to be told that it is an authentic creation based upon factual evidence gleaned by social workers. I hope that is untrue, especially when I am told it represents the situation which exists in thousands of US homes. Dope as a theme has interested us for ten decades, and has spawned among the purveyors of literature since De Quincey opened it up to us in his confessions. Sherlock Holmes used to retire after a strenuous case, to the soothing puncture of a needle. But there was touch of decadent romance about all that. Not so "A Hatful of Rain".

It is an unrelieved nightmare, the kind of one you struggle to shout yourself out of, only to find yourself in another, ten times as horrible. It is as authentic as a madman's dream; it is the imagination of a depraved Edgar Allan Poe rendered a hundred times more horrible, because, they say, it is true.

War To Blame

Of course war is to blame. Perhaps one day we shall have a picture symbolising all the decent chaps who have experienced that horror and then come back sane. "A Hatful of Rain" has Don Murray without a job, after serving in Korea, where he picked up the delights of morphine while undergoing treatment.

His wife who is expecting a baby is unable to understand his hellish moods which take him out into the night, a hag-racked recluse. The only one who does understand is Murray's Korean-like brother (Anthony Franciosa) who backs his savings on Murray's dope-shot promise to reform.

You will have to admit that this film has strength. It refuses to compromise with the maudlin sentiment that can ruin such a theme. It has a Tennessee Williams touch, in that it plays tragedy with all the inevitable disaster of a Greek drama.

Murray portrays the part well because he refuses to overplay; that is where it gets you; that perverted superiority of living in a drug ridden world where only the initiates form a circle closed to those who refuse the initiation ceremony of ordeal by needle, sniff, or taste.

Eva Marie Saint who seems to be rising to fame on the wings of violence and horror gives a compassionate performance as a woman who will accept the worst rather than hope in uncertainty. So, as I have said, the film ends only in that it is never finished. The next reel is never shown as the drug disintegrates this thing that was once a man.

Great Musical

Funny Face:

They used to say that all good Americans go to Paris when they die, but Fred Astaire seems to be making certain; Funny Face, now showing at the King's and Princess is another great musical largely filmed in Paris.

Old timers will remember the show that stopped the London traffic, but this film has little in common, save the same title. Audrey Hepburn steps into the role originally played by Adele Astaire, but the story is very different.

The title role has elita Audrey Hepburn portraying a Green which Village blue-stocking who is transformed into a world-famed model by glamour photographer Fred Astaire. I think when you see it, you will agree that this part had to come to Audrey Hepburn's way. Her early ballet training and London musical stage background foreshadowed the part.

Technique Wood

"Funny Face" is so spectacularly produced and uniquely photographed that it is hard to know where to begin telling you about it. It is filmed in VistaVision techniques and a bold new use of Technicolor. You might say it is stage technique



Muriel Goring and David Oxley in "Ill Met by Moonlight", which is now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra.

wooded to the latest film technique because the City of Paris forms a gigantic backdrop for the film. Both well known and seldom seen locales play a role, and going along with it are some of the George and Ira Gershwin songs. I think it better mention a special effect that might get a new pattern in film technique. This is a striking unorthodox flashing of the screen from one colour to another as the complementary hues are optically removed. The rhythm with which the screen changes colour also helps to set the pace for certain sequences in the Paris set.

Everything Pink

I am not qualified to discuss the funniest, lecherous gyrations which might get a new pattern in film technique. But two dances I liked were rendition by Audrey Hepburn of a romantic ballad, and the mad behop dance which marks her evolution from blue stocking to war-famed model. I've been to always leave out the engrossing details of the weird and wonderful creations the women wear in these kind of films. Again I must admit it is a lot of fun. Sometimes I think these bits are just put in to give the men a laugh.

However, I do know the name of Edith Head because she seems to have been designing costumes as long as I've been going to the movies. I do not know the name of De Givenchy, but I am told on feminine authority I cannot dispute, that he is a famous Parisian dress designer. During this part of the film, the screen overflows with pink; pink raincoats with

pink linings; pink gloves, pink pumps; pink handbags, and cosmetics galore.

Reading through what I've written, I see I've made a thing of shreds and patches. Well, that's what this film is. It's a happy-go-lucky plot striding together all these gay dances and enchanting scenes, with some pretty good acting thrown in.

I'd better mention Kay Thompson before I close. She makes an ill-bombed entrance into films. Tired of coaching others for their parts, she rebelled, became overnight an entertainer, authoress, and business woman. She shows Hollywood that anything they can do, she can do better.

I haven't said much about Astaire, for there isn't anything I can add to all I've said before. He is his own superb self in this enchanting musical, whose romantic, glamorous fashions, haunting melodies, and rollicking frolics will send you out into the street lighting your cigarette on a star.

Classical

Ill Met by Moonlight:

"Ill Met by Moonlight" now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra, might well open in classical tradition: "In the midst of the dark sea is a land called Crete, and fair and fertile surrounded by the waves." Thus the Odyssey, Book XIX. I don't quite know how to set about a film that relates an incident of the war which we have found itself in the Odyssey. I had better admit that I don't read books about the War, and I see films about war only when I have to.

But this is different. It tells of a true "mad dog" of an Englishman escaping that sort of Cretan morale scoring. But you've probably read the book of the same title by W. Stanley Moss. Personally, I think the title singularly apt, for the whole thing in its conception and execution was a stroke of Midsummer madness; yet one of those things that gets you "Johnny head in air" and pretty backed to be a member of the mad race of Englishmen.

Effective

The year 1944 was one we shall all remember, for, after being cornered on the ropes, we slipped a punch, and began to dish it out for a change. The same year, the Island of Crete saw one of the most daring and effective exploits that took place during the war.

Darling, because a German general was kidnapped practically in his own backyard, as we say. And only a handful of men went after him. It was effective because the incident, with its air of the casual master-stroke, did so much to heighten morale in Crete. You'll see the film open after all the business of putting the plan over is finished, and we come in as Captain "Bill" Moss (David O'Kelly) sails from Libya escorted by a group of partisans, to join his friend Major "Paddy" Leigh-Fermor (Dirk Bogarde), a Special Service Officer, on enemy occupied Crete.

Paddy, a debonair blend of poet and soldier, has a ready become something of a legend on the island, where he is popularly known as "Phildem". (I think you'll translate that "the friend").

You'll Laugh

You see some heart-in-mouth landing scenes, and then a meeting with the local partisans. And, if you know the type, and the desert was full of them, you'll laugh when Paddy turns up elaborately dressed as a Cretan Chieftain.

Another scene which is as historical as it is hysterical, is when Paddy goes into Heraklion to seek the co-operation of another partisan, a dentist of that town. Caught in the surgery, Paddy tries to bluff his way out, but doesn't succeed. Then follows that grim humour as the German soldiers have to be questioned by a quite unorthodox anaesthetist.

The German Commanding Officer, General Karl Kleps (Marius Goring) is captured, and then begins the nerve-racking task to get him out. A typically English bit is the following. The operation, now successfully accomplished, all that remains to do is to tap out the Morse signal. They've got the set all right, but no one knows how to use it. Watch the General's face as he expresses exasperation at being caught by a crowd of bumbling blunderers.

The general uses his wits, but he finds these amateurs are not such amateurs as he supposes. You don't need me to tell you that the part is made for Marius Goring, nor that Dirk Bogarde just lops it up. Zahari (Adolf Assly) and George (Wolfe Morris) team up well as the partisans.

All I want to add is, I wish the Rank Organisation had paid the extra money, and let us see this in colour.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

One of the War's most dashing feats— they kidnapped a General under the nose of his army



Muriel Goring and David Oxley in "Ill Met by Moonlight", which is now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra.

DIRK BOGARDE

ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT

From the book "Ill Met by Moonlight" by W. Stanley Moss

MARIUS GORING · DAVID OXLEY

CYRIL CUSACK VISTA VISION

SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S—EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

"ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT"

ALHAMBRA: AT 11.00 A.M.

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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ROBERT RYAN

ALDO RAY

in "MEN IN WAR"

Released thru United Artists

STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow & on Mon., Sept. 9th

METROPOLE: 5 Shows To-morrow

Extra Performance of "MEN IN WAR" At 12.30 p.m.

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Star: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

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Columbia Picture

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First Winner Takes Paris By Storm

NOW MAN MUST TRY TO MEND BROKEN FAMILY

London. Ex-Maj. Chris Powell, 49, the suave and monocled Briton who can be won for 48 hours by anxious women if they write a prize-winning letter to the tabloid Daily Sketch, turned to the task of mending a broken family.

**Telegraphic
Tabloids**

Trento, Italy. Horse trainer Salvatore Carra, 60, retired to an old age home and began to "bone up." He brilliantly passed his primary school exams.

"I never had time to study before," he said.—United Press.

Chicago. Little Mike, an 18-month-old chimpanzee at Brookfield Zoo, had been lonely until he got four new playmates—all girl chimps. Now there are five chimpanzees but only four chimp houses. His bachelor days are over.—United Press.

Charlevoix, Mich. Workman dismantling the old Charlevoix County Gaol found out there's more truth than poetry in the old line: "Stone walls do not a prison make." The sturdy old gaol, built about 1875, was constructed of two by six pine boards piled on top of each other and nailed every three inches with hand made square nails.—United Press.

BABIES WIN WAR OFFICE BATTLE

London. THREE MONTH-OLD twins, two other sisters aged 10 and eight, and their mother and father went into the War Office last week.

And the mother, 36-year-old Mrs. Ellen Chisholm, threatened to leave the children there.

She said she would not budge until Whitehall gave her permission to go to Germany with her husband, Sergeant Robert Chisholm, of the Highland Light Infantry.

She won—three hours later the family came out of the door, and a War Office spokesman made this announcement: "Mrs. Chisholm could not accompany her husband to Germany because accommodation was not available. It will be three to three weeks' time, and the family will be sent over as soon as they can be made ready."

It was a victory won 12 hours before Sergeant Chisholm was due to sail. The family live in married quarters in Glasgow, and they came 401 miles to make the protest.

Powell returned from a weekend in Paris with prize-winner Patricia Mills, and promptly took on the job of answering an "angony letter" in which a lonely woman pleaded for him to "come and get my husband to talk to me. He has not done so this year."

The Major, who is himself happily married, is the top prize in the Sketch's "Man You Can Win" Contest. Readers can win by writing a 50-word letter why they want his services.

Separate Suites

Miss Mills won Powell for the weekend and the couple took Paris by storm. Wherever they went, the handsome Englishman and the slim, dark-haired girl were mobbed by curious Frenchmen and newsmen and photographers. It took them ten minutes to get to their separate suites.

Everywhere they went they were greeted with happy French cries of "C'est le Major!"—it is the Major.

Powell took Miss Mills to the expensive Tour D'Argent restaurant for lunch on Saturday. They then went to a high fashion store to buy a dress and shoes for the girl. Saturday night they toured Paris night-life, ending up at Pigalle at two o'clock in the morning.

It was almost too much for Miss Mills. "I've had enough," she pleaded. "Back to the hotel, please."

Was Thrilled

Miss Mills told London newsmen she was thrilled with her visit and that Powell was very nice.

"I felt like a film star," she said, "but my feet are killing me."

Powell's new assignment will be to patch up trouble between an unhappy woman and her husband.

She wrote to Powell through the newspaper, pleading:

"Dear Sir: Reading what a wonderful man you are, please help me. I am desperate. Come get my husband to talk to me. He hasn't done so this year. You may be able to find his reason if you talk to him. Please help us for our child's sake. Here's hoping."—United Press.

Muffler On A Still!

Greenville, N.C. A muffler placed on a still by an ingenious moonshiner failed to keep away Federal and County agents.

They found a special sound-proof box over the gasoline motor supplying water for the still. The box apparently was designed to muffle the sound of the engine.

The still was not in operation at the time of the raid. Agents said it contained one 200-gallon still and another with a 50-gallon capacity. They destroyed 17 mash boxes with a capacity of 400 gallons each.—United Press.



HIS FEET ARE EARNING £100

London. A HHH! The relief of it to get those feet up and rest.

They belong to London University atom scientist Dr Stanley Haines who is walking 340 miles for a fee of a penny every 30 steps.

He is walking from Newcastle to London to test a pair of new shoes for the Leather Institute—for which he gets £100 and expenses.

Not to mention the £10 shoes (now, with only 60 miles to go, still only slightly worn) a £20 suede leather jacket, a £20 broly-cum-shooting-stick and a £20 leather rucksack.

"They wanted me to wear leather shorts as well," he

said last night. "But my name is not Davy Crockett." Yesterday the doctor put up his umbrella and strode into the gale and heavy rain along the Northampton-Towcester road.

The hike began on August 1 at Newcastle, and Dr Haines has walked up to 20 miles nearly every day since.

To get the chance to walk 340 miles in new shoes—and, as it turned out, through two weeks' rain—the doctor completed against 400 applicants. They included a Liverpool vicar, a Somerset architect, a headmaster, an actor and a 10-year-old baronet.

He is also testing six pairs of socks.

At the end of it all the doctor, his 30-year-old wife Helen, and their two children will be reunited on Saturday at a London Press conference.

IT MAY BE NYLONS

Ladies, Look Out For Those Feet

Chicago. Pigeon-toes can easily be corrected in infancy by the use of plaster of paris casting, an award-winning chiropodist said.

Dr Oscar M. Scheimer, winner of the annual Dr William Stickel Award given by the National Association of Chiropody, said that plaster of paris casting is the best treatment.

Prospects Excellent

It involves a minimum of time and the prospect for correction is excellent, Dr Scheimer told the National Association of Chiropodists.

Only in extreme cases that have been neglected for a long time is surgery necessary, he said.

Dr Scheimer said in earlier decades, pigeon-toes was permitted to go untreated and many children grew up with foot complications.

In another talk, a dermatologist told the chiropodists that chemicals in shoes often cause inflammation of the skin of the feet.

Variety of Adhesives

Modern footwear contains a wide variety of adhesives; dyes and materials that ooze through and have close contact with the feet, said Dr Arthur L. Shapiro, Assistant Clinical Professor of Dermatology at Chicago Medical School.

He said the allergic reaction may develop right away or it might take several years before the foot is troubled.

Such irritations as swelling and blistering can become chronic if they continue, he said, and the skin thickens and develops cracks.

Stockings, particularly of nylon, also are a cause, he said, due to dyes used or to the synthetic resin finish.—United Press.

GIRL HAS TO WAIT TWENTY YEARS FOR HONEYMOON

By JACK SCHEMEIL

Rome. A pretty 23-year-old brunette has started a 20-year wait before she can enjoy her honeymoon.

Her husband is serving a 30-year sentence for murder. His release is due in 1978.

It was while he was in Rome's Rebibbia Gaol that Anna Protti, daughter of a poor workers' family, got to know Santo Finelli, 29, fell in love with him, and decided to marry him.

LOVE STORY

Their amazing love story began last spring when Anna received a letter from Santo who had heard of the girl's unfortunate life and asked if she would care to visit him occasionally.

Six years ago Anna fell in love with a man and became mother of a boy. Her lover disappeared for 18 months and then returned saying he wanted to marry her. But Anna in cold blood told him his pledge he was killed in a car accident.

Anna was left alone to raise her child. She earned a meager living doing housework in the Montecarlo district of Rome.

Then came Santo's letter. Anna answered. Santo sent her his photograph. Anna decided to visit him. She obtained permission by posing as a cousin, as only relatives are allowed to visit prisoners in Italian gaols.

BETWEEN VISITS

Between visits—two a month—Santo told Anna his story in his letters.

He was one of 16 sons and daughters of a poor butcher who left his wife when Santo was young. At 18 Santo became a fanatical Communist militant.

During the 1948 elections, Santo related, a woman spat on the red flag of the Communist Party at Manduria. Santo and a friend visited the woman's house. An argument followed, then a pistol shot, and the woman fell dead.

Santo was charged with murdering the woman with theft as his motive. He was sentenced to 30 years gaol.

All that happened nearly ten years ago. Today, Santo is said to be a changed man. He works in the gaol's hospital and prison officials say his conduct is excellent. This might gain him some remission on his sentence.

The letters between Anna and Santo continued. In one of them, Santo proposed. He said he was willing to recognize Anna's son. Anna accepted and the wedding was performed in the Rebibbia Gaol in July, last year.

ONLY RECENTLY

Anna has only recently allowed the story to be told. The wedding was performed by the gaol's chaplain in the presence of prison officials and relatives of the bride and groom. After the ceremony, Santo returned to his cell while Anna went back to her dingy home on the outskirts of Rome, where she lives with her father, mother, brothers and son.

Every 15 days the couple meet in the gaol parlour for the authorized 15-minute visit, sometimes slightly extended according to the duty guard's understanding.

Every month Santo sends Anna the 4,000 lire (about HK\$40) he earns for his work in the gaol's hospital.—United Press.

GOOD BULLS PROTECT MAN FROM BAD BULL

Madrid. This is a good bull story—but it starts with a bad bull.

The big brave toro "Gallino", bred on a ranch near Albacete to fight in the ring, turned sour on the five other bulls in the field with him, and went to a corner by himself in a huff. He refused to eat and fought any bull which approached him.

Idolone Martinez, 24, a cattle-hand tried to soften "Gallino" and took him some tempting oats.

CHARGING FURIOUSLY

The bull repaid the kindness by charging furiously and goring Martinez seriously, knocking him helplessly to the ground from his horse.

But the five other bulls were not going to let their enemy "Gallino" get away with murder.

They ganged-up on him, surrounded the fallen Martinez and kept "Gallino" away with a series of savage counter attacks.

When other ranch hands arrived to pick Martinez up the good bulls broke ranks, and let the rescuers in.

Martinez was pushed to hospital in serious but not critical condition.—United Press.

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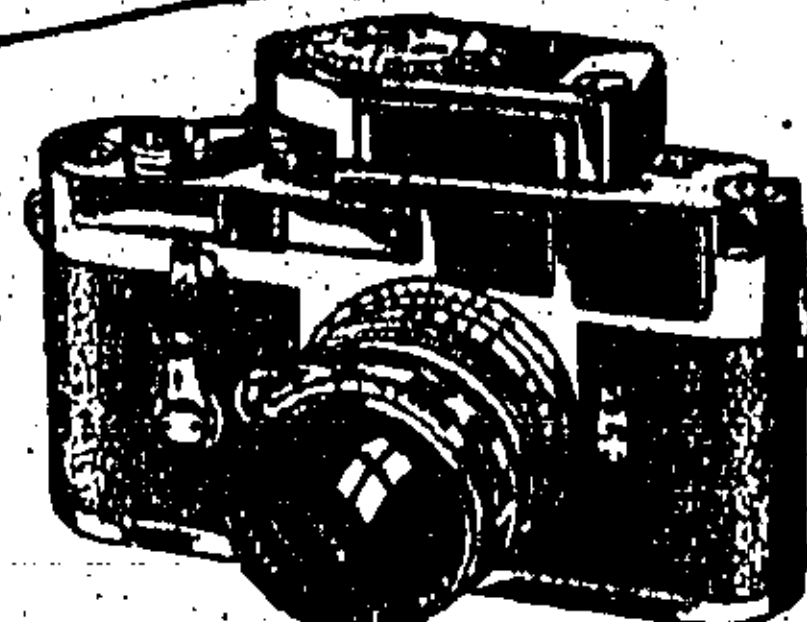
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MISSING MARSHALL'S TOMBSTONE CREATES FURORE

Monmouth, Ill. The dispute over Wyatt Earp's missing tombstone hasn't gotten to the fighting stage yet, but words are flying faster than bullets from the old-time marshalls' "peace-maker." The tombstone is missing from Earp's grave at Colma, California. It just so happens a tombstone with Earp's name is buried up in Hubert Hendrick's restaurant window in Monmouth.

Lawmen in San Francisco said: "It's our stone, we want it back."

Monmouth City leaders, informed by local historians Earp is a local boy who made good there, before going west and up this town in his day and we just don't have any graves around here," he said.

Tombstone declared itself out of the fight, saying, "It's a dead sure thing. Monmouth doesn't have Wyatt's marker anyway."

Hendrick is taciturn in discussing how he came by the marker. All he'll say is that he gave him "a good burial" and then "went to the bank."

of Tombstone, Police Chief Charles Brubaker. Everyone knows "Wyatt sort of died up this town in his day and we just don't have any graves around here," he said.

Hendrick is taciturn in discussing how he came by the marker. All he'll say is that he gave him "a good burial" and then "went to the bank."

found it—on the eve of the Warren County Prize Beef Festival.

The Monmouth Chamber of Commerce has deputized itself to do everything it can to keep the stone.

"If they want to fight it out with us, we'll be glad to fight," said Secretary Sam Hendrick.

Hendrick said he said the San Francisco lawman who contacted him, "We'd be glad to give it to you, but we'd like to see it first."—United Press.

HOW TIMES CHANGE

Oxford. Revenue agent Douglas Houghton, noted with a sigh that tax payers aren't what they were in the good old days. "There was a time when people were rather proud to be income tax payers," he told an International Conference here. "It denoted being in a certain income range."

"Now," he observed, "they are only afraid of winding the collectors."—United Press.

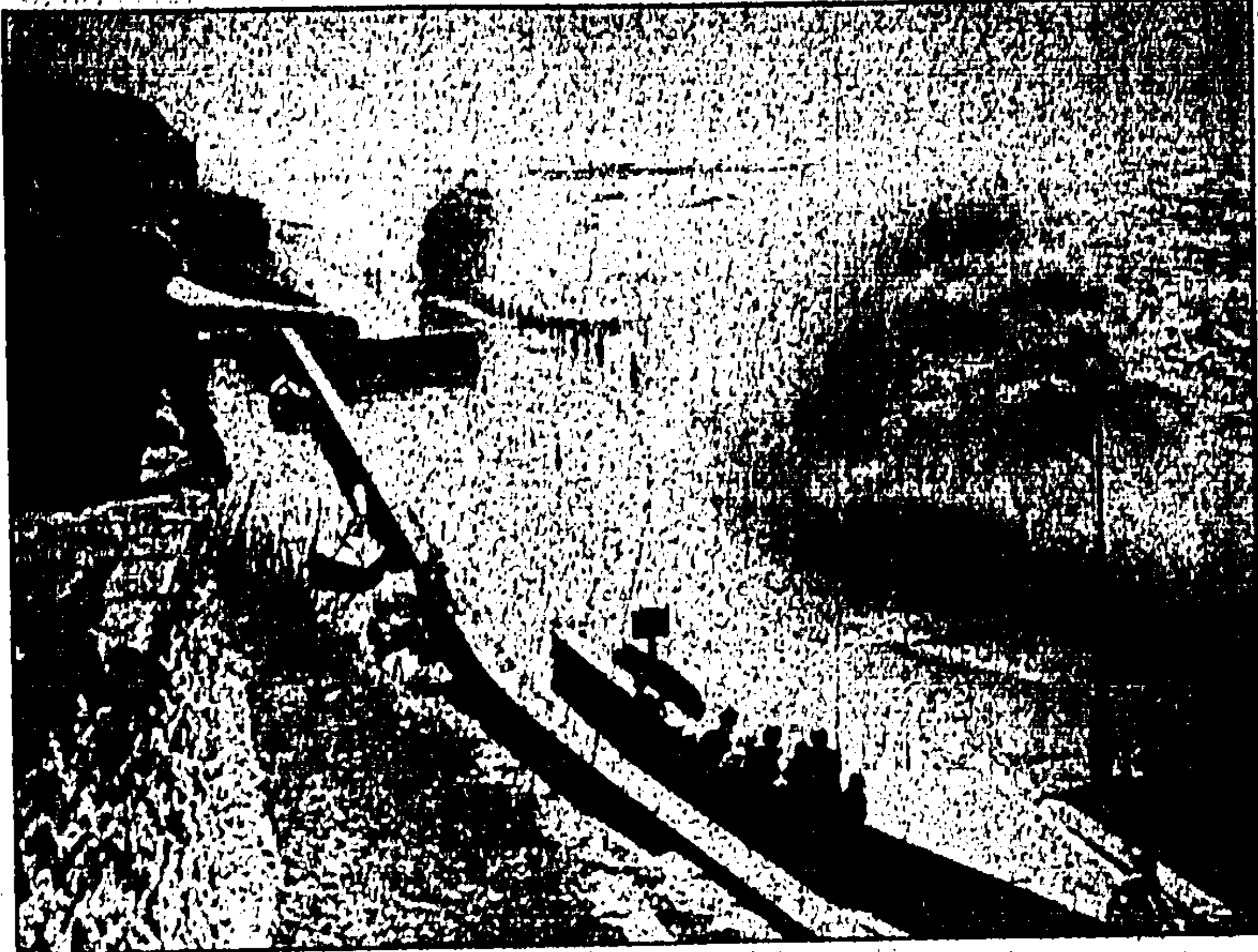
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HOMESIDE PIC



LEFT: First official act of Canada's new High Commissioner in London, Mr George Drew, was to unveil the new A. V. Roe "Iroquois" a jet engine so powerful that "three would provide enough energy to drive the liner Queen Mary."

Express

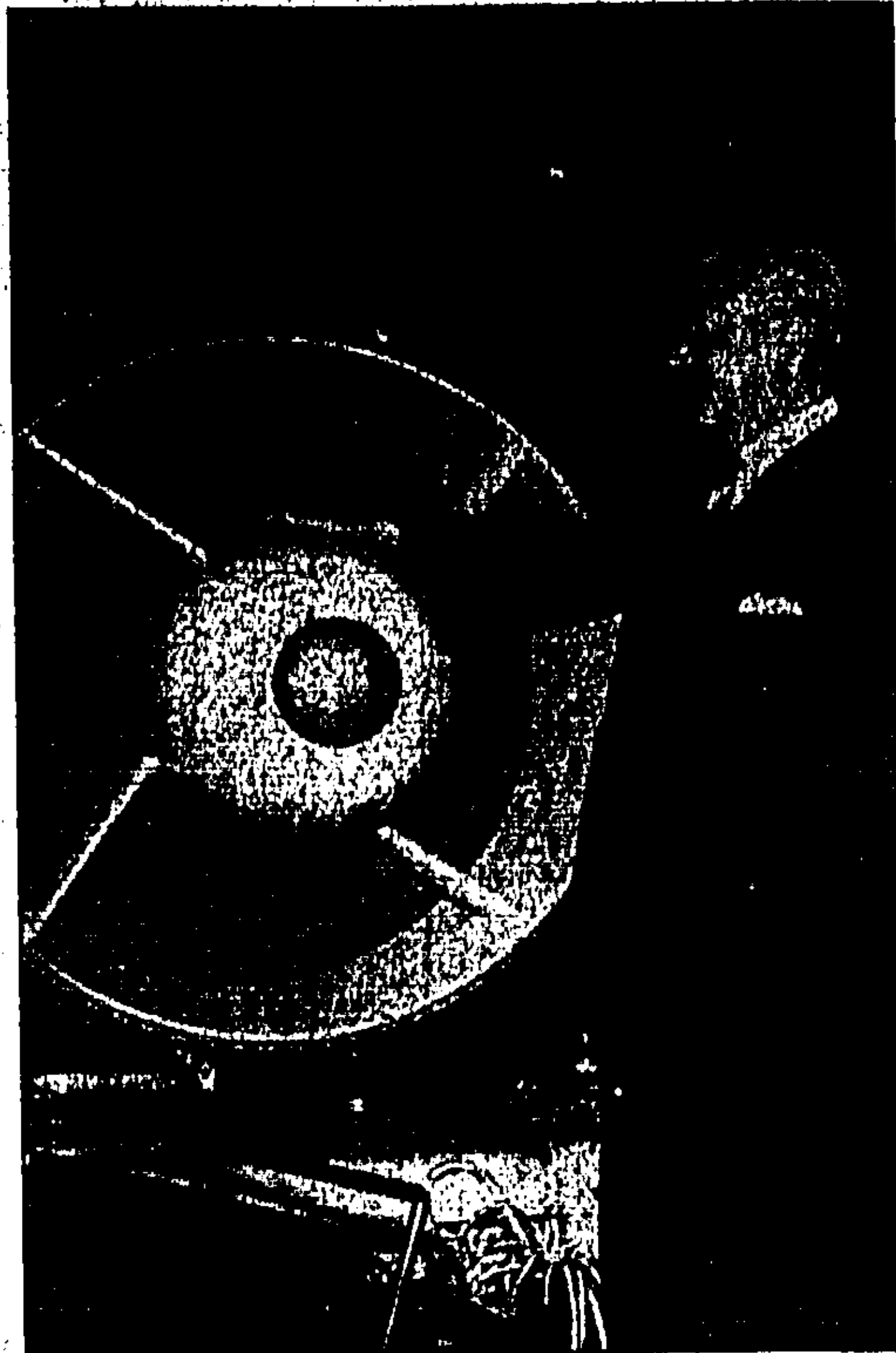


Breakers crash on the front at Rottingdean as Britain is battered by the strongest August gale in living memory.

Express

LEFT: Successor to Schweitzer? Oil heiress Olga Detorling (30) is rumoured to be in love with 82-year-old Dr Albert Schweitzer's Quaker assistant—Dr. Catchpole.

Express



RIGHT: Back after a bad time, 28-year-old London wife, Mrs Gabrielle Karminski, returns from the Moscow Youth Festival ill and hungry. Arrangements went wrong somewhere and she was held up four days with passport trouble on a Russian train, Asian flu, and nothing to eat.

Express

LEFT: "I couldn't wish for a better man to kill me," says Zsa Zsa as she meets Anthony Quayle—the man who is due to kill her in his next film.

Express



RIGHT: Prince Charles' first teacher, when he starts in the junior form at Cheam, is Margaret Cowlishall of Taunton (Devon). She is 34 and has been at the school for five years.

Express

LEFT: Commander Gerald Forsberg (45) relaxes at his Dover hotel with a gin-and-tonic after beating the England-to-France record on his first attempt to swim the channel.

Express



LEFT: First picture to reach England of the sultry Sophia Loren from her latest film. Predictions are that her reception in England this month may rival the London reception given to Marilyn Monroe.

Express

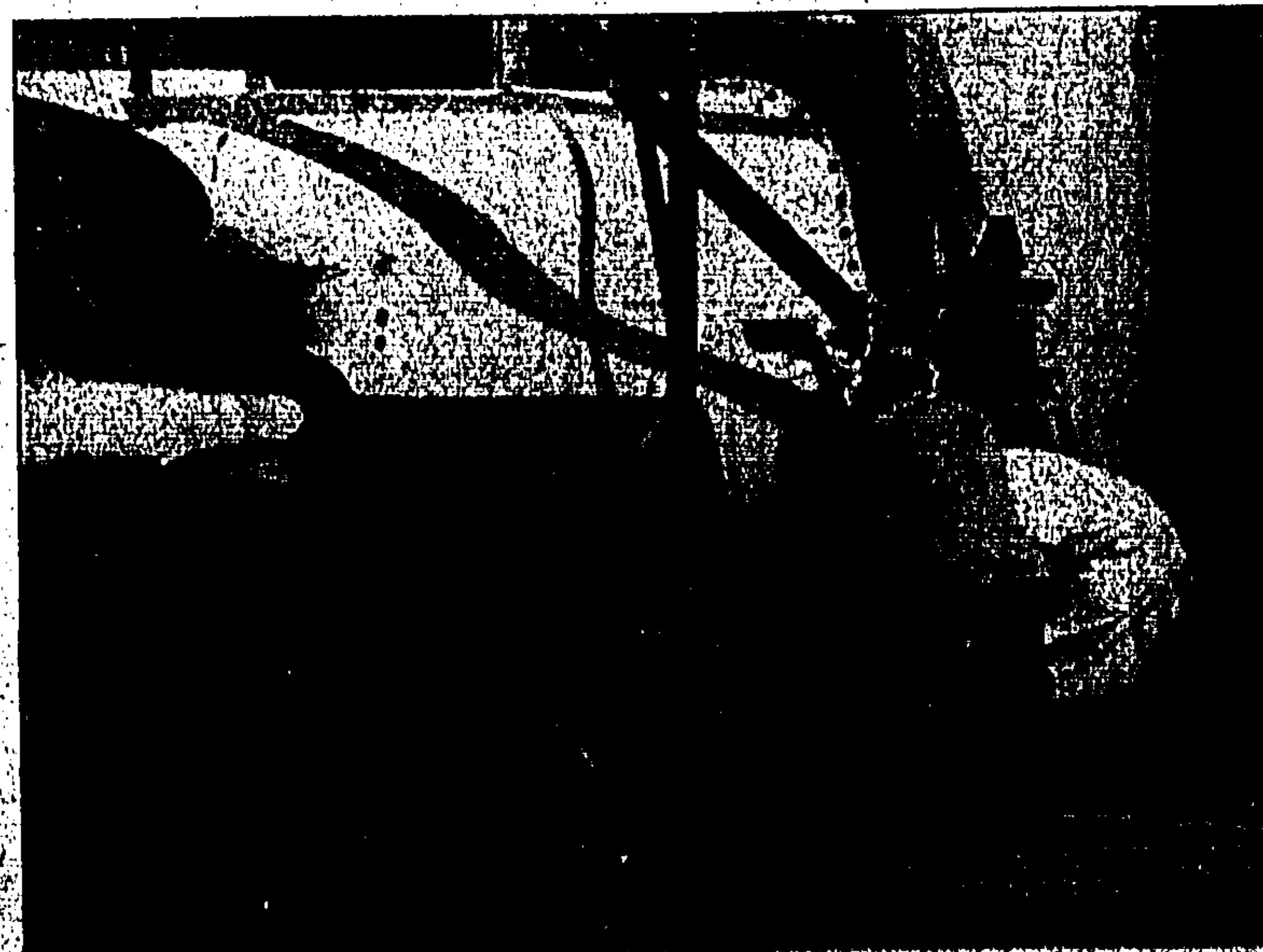
BELOW: Thirty feet of flame leap from Britain's latest jet engine as Hawker's show off their latest product in a protest at Governmental slashing of jet plane production.

Express

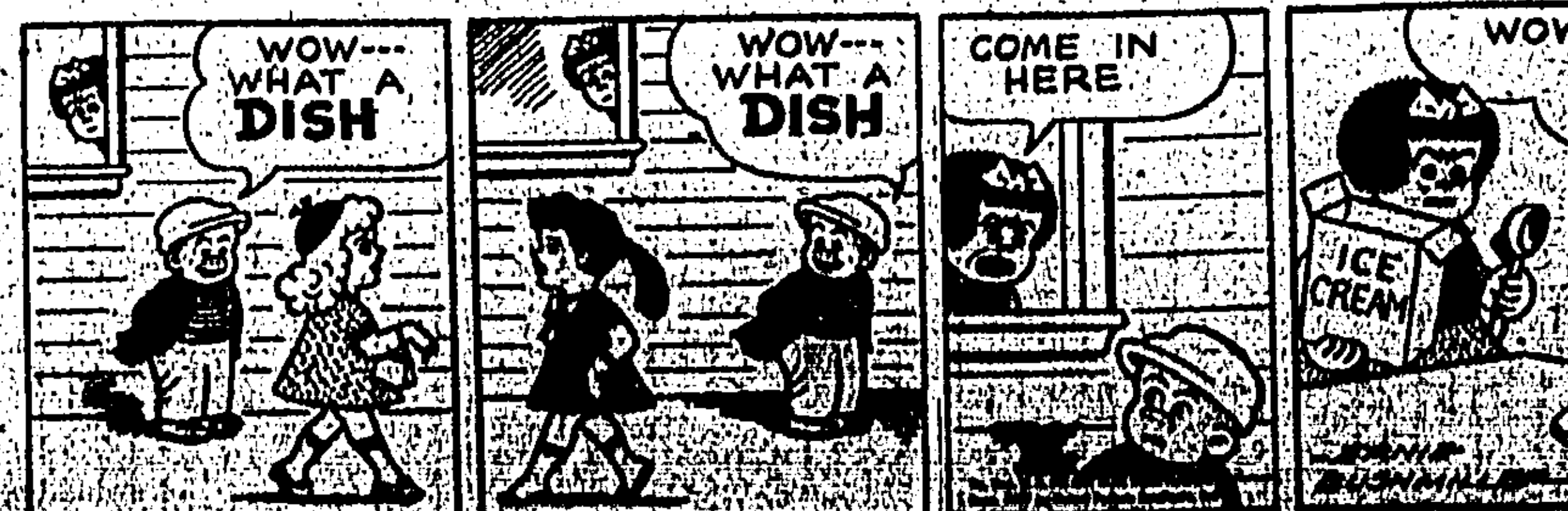


BELOW: Greta Anderson (28) staggers out of the water on the English shore and makes international swimming history by beating the men in the annual Cap Gris Nez to Dover swim.

Express



NANCY



GRANDMA GILES HEADING NORTH



First lap on the road to Blackpool

GRANDMA GILES arrived in the North to begin a holiday with her younger sister Millie. Both of them were in a bit of a huff due to the fact that Grandma Giles nearly always is and Grandma Millie had been waiting in the rain for several hours. "Twas an unfortunate coincidence that this first illustration had to be a wet one, but Northerners must not think I am carrying on the old worn joke about Manchester and its rain. It was raining in the South when Grandma G left, it was raining all the way across to the West where she discovered she was on the wrong coach, it rained all the way back to the South, and it rained all the way up to the North. If it keeps raining all the time she's there it won't matter much as neither of the Grandmas is what you call the outdoor type. The remark by the driver unloading Grandma G's fifth heavy suitcase: "What have you got in this one, luv—sun tan oil?" was ignored. And rain or no rain, the fine fresh breezes from the Manchester Canal were more than welcomed by the passengers who had spent the journey trapped in an aroma of peppermints, liniments, and camphor balls. More, I fear — On Monday.

NEWS FROM BRITAIN

LET THEM NATTER

By RONALD BOXALL

ARE we becoming unshockable? I ask this because in the few days that have gone by since the Russians announced their possession of an inter-continental ballistic missile, I have not once heard it discussed either on a train, a bus or in a pub.

Not one taxi driver has dripped wisdom on the subject and no London bus conductor has convulsed his passengers with an appropriate Cockney comment—at least, not in my hearing.

The fact is that no one was very surprised. Once it is known that scientists are working on a project, the layman is already three-parts convinced of its success. Such is the awe in which science is held these days!

The reason for the apparent lack of concern on the part of the average Londoner—who would certainly be on the receiving end of a world rocket in a nuclear war—about this latest wonder of science is that the method of delivery is unimportant beside the fact of the nuclear weapon itself. Is a child any more afraid of a ghost because it may come down the chimney? In fact, of walking through the wall?

ALREADY A FACT

Besides, if a rocket with a nuclear warhead can be directed from Russia to land on London, surely an equally effective weapon can be directed from Britain to land on Moscow. That's why we have scientists, isn't it?

Let them natter on about the still unsolved problem of "re-entry."

We laymen take it for granted that a rocket fired into the stratosphere won't always melt when it pierces the earth's atmosphere on its way down. So far as we are concerned, the inter-continental ballistic missile is already a fact.

What we have heard this week merely carries a stage further the trend that has been going on since the first German V-2 landed on London—the trend away from the use of pilot aircraft for warlike purposes towards the remote-controlled delivery of destructive weapons by rocket.

In the midst of all this science-fiction, one was a little puzzled at the reason given by the Ministry of Supply for refusing to allow aircraft flying in next week's Farnborough Air Show to make supersonic bangs. They said it might disturb the public.

HIDDEN MENACE

Britons are not an especially hypochondriac nation, but they are as interested as anyone in their health. Folio outbursts are national news and the arrival of Aslan 'flu is a headline event.

Lung cancer is discussed as openly—and as fatalistically—as mortality on the roads. Mental illness, thanks to the recent television programme, is on its way to becoming respectable. A campaign for greater cleanliness in public eating places arouses Britons to a state of zeal—but momentary indignation.

We are, on the whole, fairly well-informed about our chances of survival in this atomic-ridden, nerve-racking age. But there is one thing we don't talk about—or even think about if we can help it. That is tuberculosis.

If T.B. crops up at all in conversation, it isn't long before someone says more hopefully:

THE ESCAPERS

FIRST OF A NEW SERIES ABOUT THE MEN WHO FOUND A WAY OUT OF AN IMPRISONED CONTINENT



Marie Thérèse . . . a nightly walk

"Bonjour à tous dans la maison d'Alphonse." "Good morning to everyone in Alphonse's house," which meant nothing to anyone except the small group waiting at the cliff top.

To them it was the signal to march silently in single file, keeping to the hedgerows for cover, stepping clear of Marie Thérèse's handkerchiefs, and watching all the time for enemy patrols.

At his carpenter's shop near Bonaparte Beach, Clement Huet laughed about the time when he left his black beret near the path as a signal to the others that he would return after searching for an airman he thought had gone astray.

The airman turned up later on the beach with another guide, while Clement Huet was still crawling round on his hands and knees in the bracken looking for his precious beret. "We'd no coupons to buy another one," he explained.

As for Marie Thérèse and her night walks through the minefield she said simply, "We all shared the same risks, and the worst part was waiting for the radio message from London while we kept our airman hidden for as long as 12 days."

The "Maison d'Alphonse," last stopping place in a chain of hideouts for 150 airmen on their way to freedom, is now a ruin overgrown with weeds. The Germans blew it up with hand grenades just after the owner, Jean Guilleu, got away his wife and newly born baby.

Now he hopes to meet in London some of the men who waited at his cottage for the next boat to England.

NEXT WEEK: "Last Bus for England."

POCKET CARTOON

By OSBERT LANCASTER



"What it really means is anybody's guess, but it's certainly going to prove a veritable treasure-house of useful phrases for darling Mr. Gainsell."

Paris. NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Marie Thérèse le Calvez chose a strange time to go walking down the rocky path to the beach near her home in Brittany.

When her mother saw her go out of their cottage at midnight on the darkest of nights she asked no questions.

Marie Thérèse walked down the path with only starlight to guide her and, every now and then she

By FRANK TOLE

stooped down and placed a handkerchief besides the path. Each handkerchief marked a German mine.

When Marie Thérèse had finished her walk the "safety corridor" leading to Bonaparte Beach was ready for use.

Along that perilous path 150 airmen went back to England between January and June, 1945, after bailing out over Occupied territory.

ONE MORE

FEW of them realised when they scrambled aboard a Royal Navy craft, which took them to Dartmouth, what risks Marie Thérèse and her friends took to get them away.

They had grubbed with their hands in the soil to find 17 mines, all near the escape path. Later, after the war was over, the Army brought mine detectors, and there, right on the path they found an 18th mine.

Marie Thérèse must have walked over it a dozen times without knowing it was there.

That will be a story to talk over when 50 people who helped R.A.F. men to escape visit London this month as the guests of the R.A.F. Escaping Society.

AMONG THEM GOES THE MAN WITH THE BLACK BERET, CLEMENT HUET,



The "man in the black beret," Clement Huet, shows how the escaping men and their helpers had to crawl on their hands and knees through minefields above the beach.

WHO FIRST MARKED OUT THIS SAFETY CORRIDOR ONE MILE LONG AND ONE YARD WIDE.

He became a Resistance fighter after being a Fleet Air Arm test pilot, and his courage was cited as "beyond all praise" when he was given the British Empire Medal after the war.

BY SEA

BONAPARTE Beach was within rifle range of a German lookout post on the cliffs where there were sound detectors and searchlights.

Apart from the risk of walking through the minefield one false step might bring the enemy down on them, and the penalty if caught was death.

So, when Clement Huet dropped a hand grenade, kept ready in case they met a German patrol, the clatter it made on the rocks sounded like doom.

"My instinctive reaction," he said, "was to jump down and throw it into the sea, forgetting that the safety-pin was still attached and the grenade, therefore, harmless."

"We slayed, hardly breathing, until it seemed safe to go on again. An hour later we heard the muffled sound of oars (it was too dark to see the Royal Navy men approach) and after a silent handshake our airman were on their way to England."

The airman, from as far away as Belgium and Luxembourg, were assembled in Paris hideouts and sent down in small groups with a guide to Brittany.

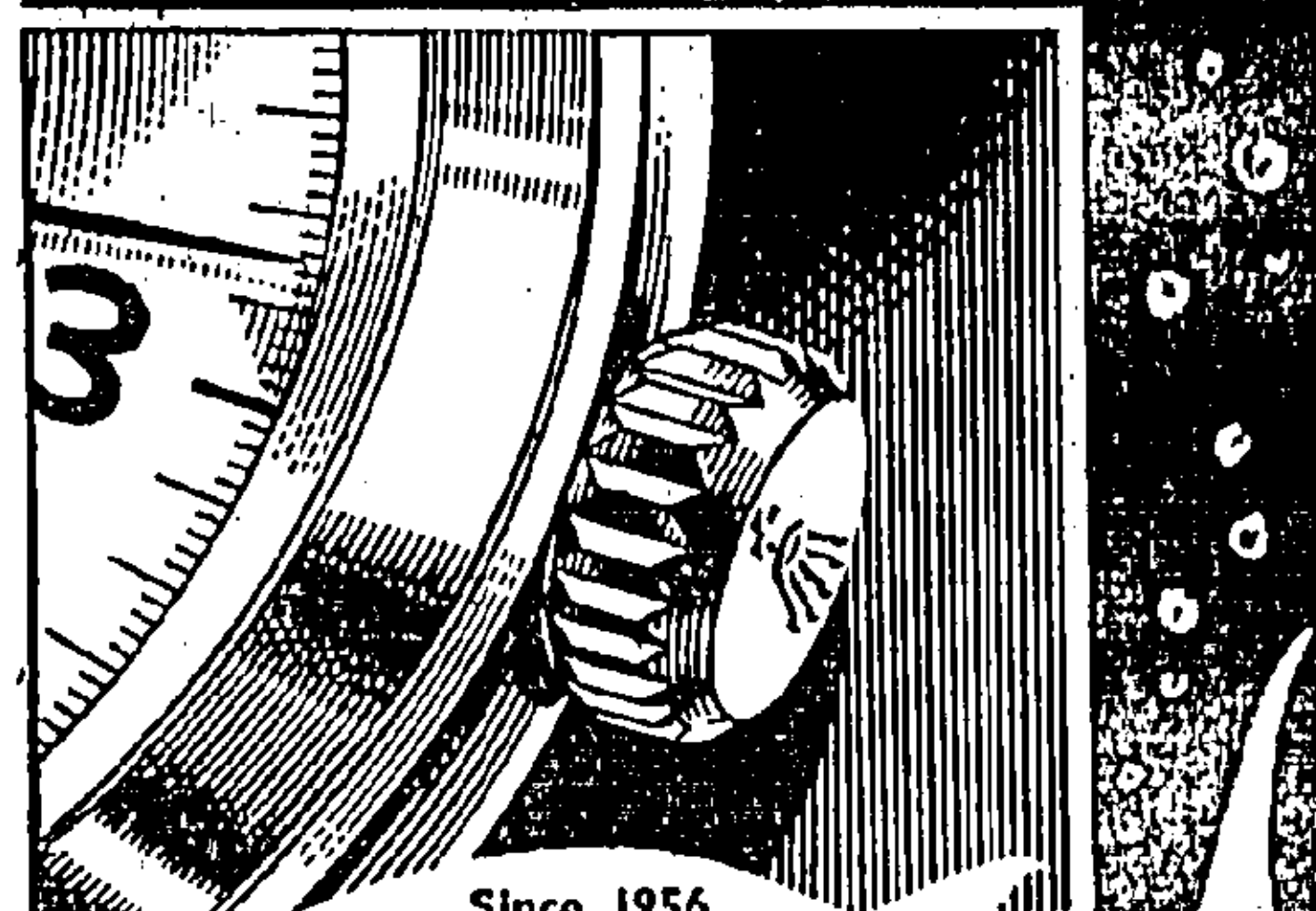
A SIGNAL

THERE in cottages like that of Marie Thérèse they huddled near the radio waiting for the code signal that the Navy would arrive.

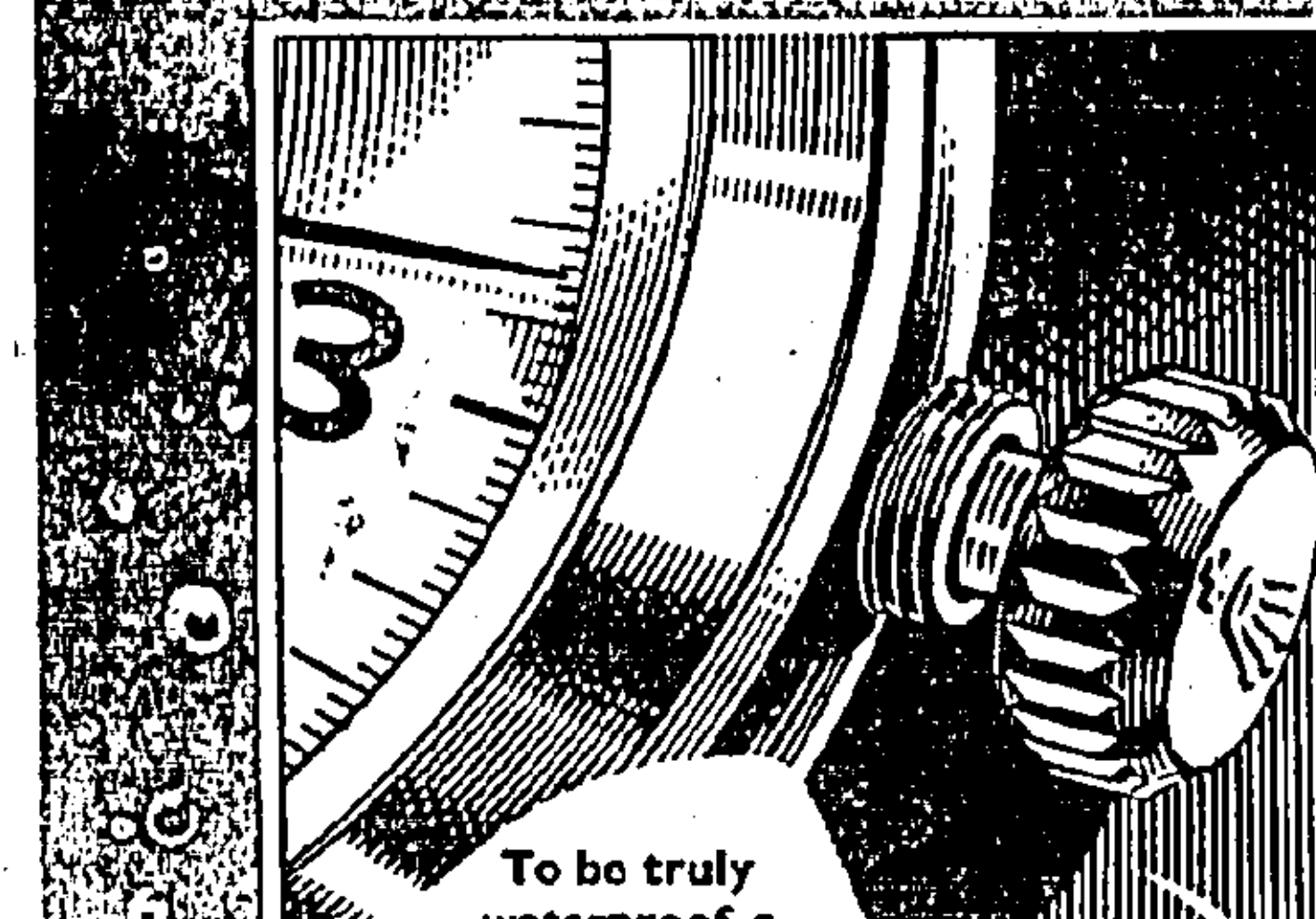
For her the great moment was when she heard the first message from London.

27 fathoms down

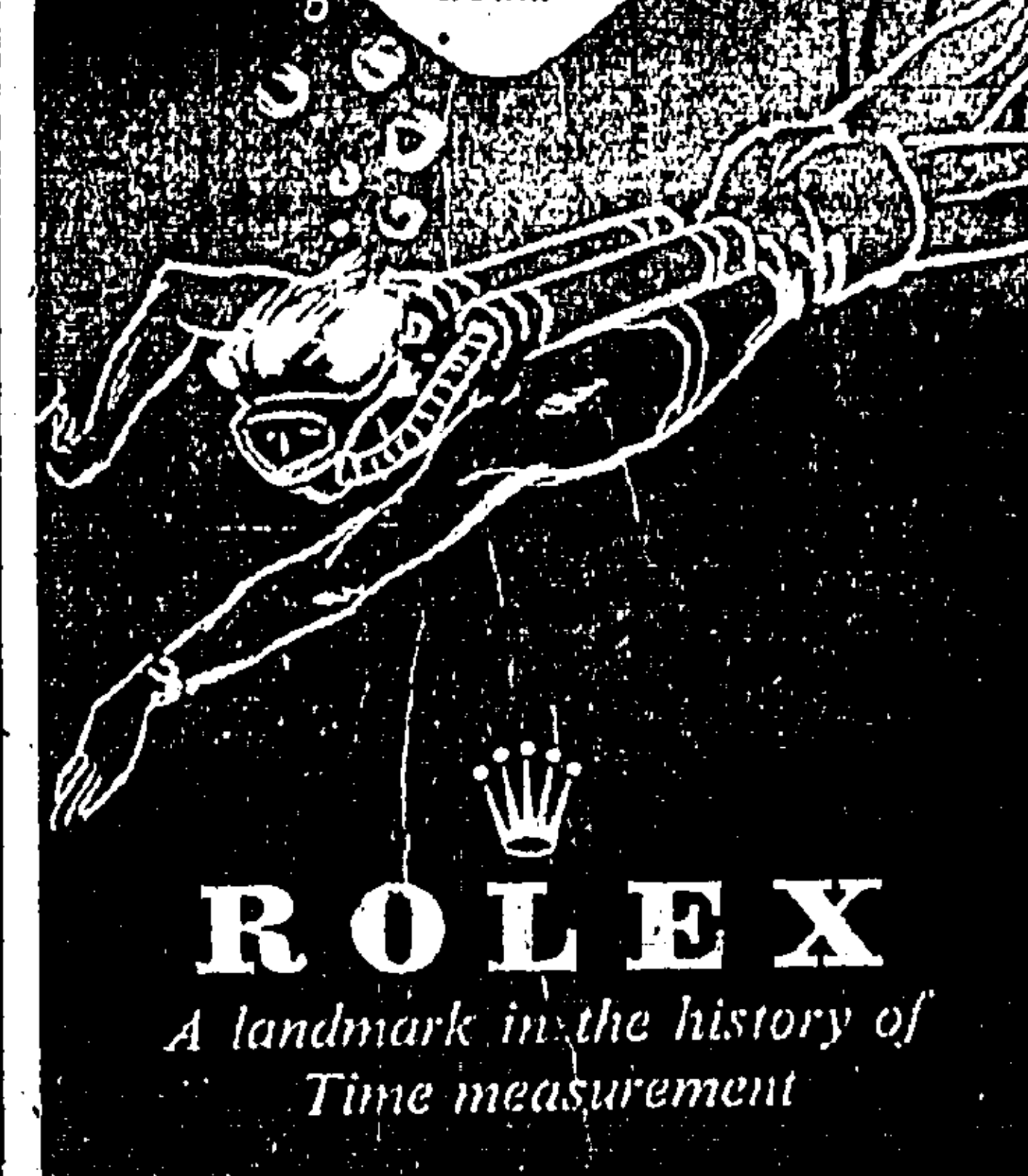
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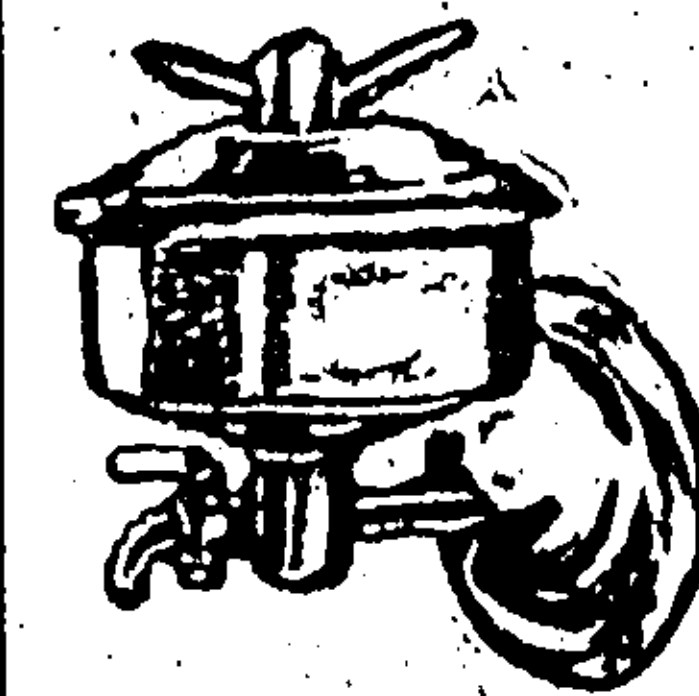
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ARE the Russians bluffing with their claim to have beaten the West in developing the inter-continental rocket?

My inquiries showed that far too many people in places high and low are taking comfort with this idea.

I am convinced that the Russians are not bluffing. The record shows that they do not bluff when they make official claims of this magnitude.

THREE times before they have made equally important claims which few in the West believed because they were "not technically possible." Yet every one proved to be correct.

1 EARLY in 1949 the Russian leaders hinted that they had the atom bomb. The U.S. scientists and politicians shrugged this off as propaganda. They were horrified when the explosion of a Soviet atom bomb was detected later that year.

Yes, I'm sure they've got it..... BUT AS I SEE IT THAT'S NOT THE REAL DANGER AT ALL

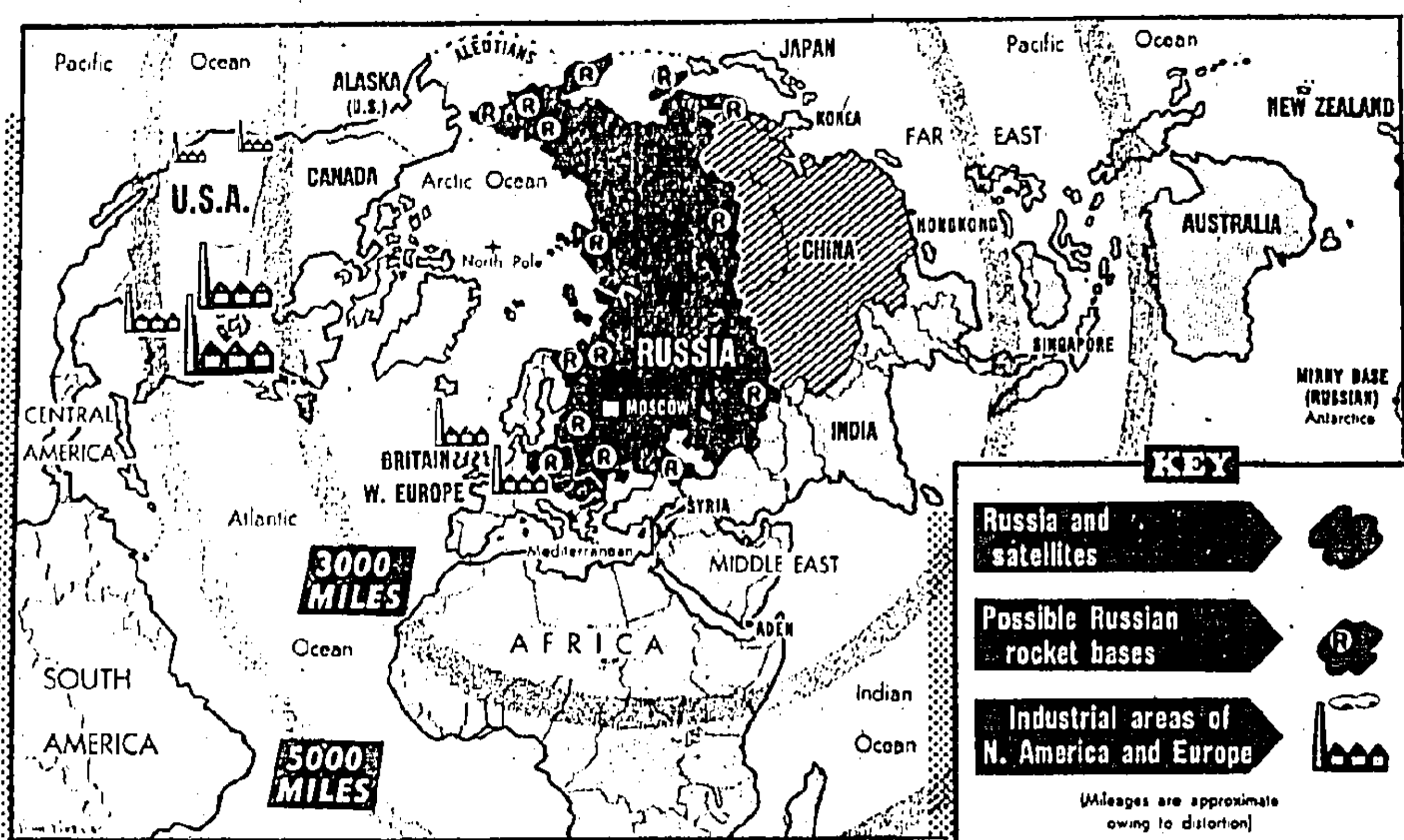
by.....CHAPMAN PINCHER

Allied Intelligence agents had consistently reported that Russia was apparently not working on the giant weapon. In any case it was "not possible technically" for the Russians to have advanced so far. Again the experts were wrong.

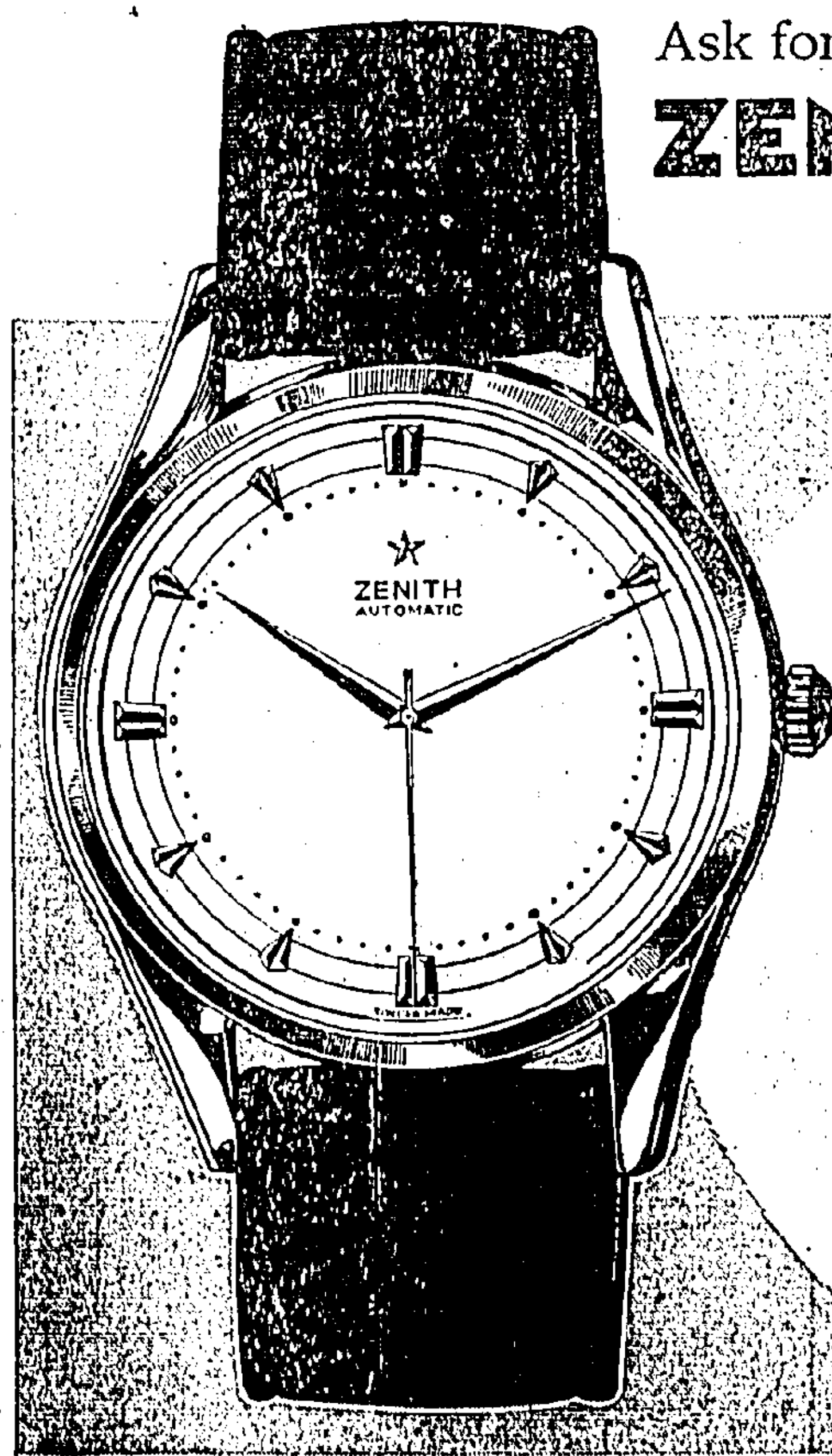
Even when the Russians revealed details of their H-test, the British and U.S. defence chiefs did not believe that they had dropped the weapon from an airplane as was claimed.

ROCKETS — THIS IS THE GRIM PICTURE

The Russians claim their new inter-continental missile has a range of 5,000 miles. This newspaper, by John LEAST 3,000 miles. It MAY be as much within its orbit.



If you appreciate precision as well as quality



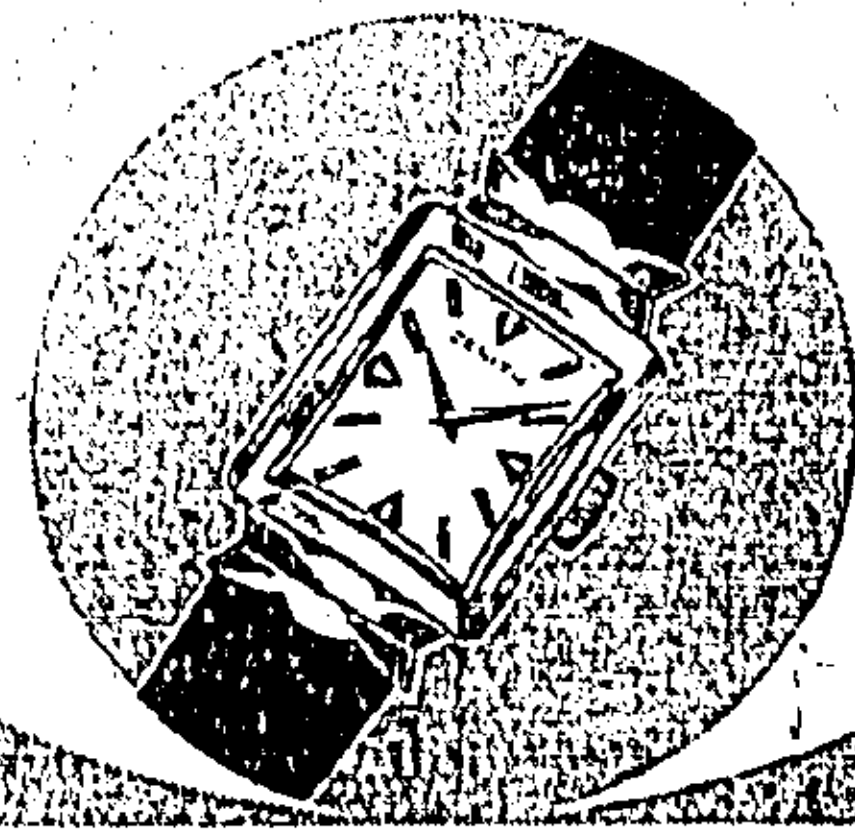
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Was there a bad mistake made 10 years ago.....a mistake that gives Russia a 10 year lead in the race for the **FISSILE MISSILE?**

WHISPERS of a mistake of such momentous proportions that it might give the Russians an overwhelming advantage in atomic fire-power are emerging from secret defence departments in London and Washington.

Defence chiefs fear that Russia may have a commanding lead in the long-range rockets which will soon replace bombers because they now realise that British and U.S. rocket research took the wrong turning 10 years ago.

There is evidence from Intelligence reports and other sources that the Russians did not make this mistake.

If this is correct then Marshal Bulganin was almost certainly not bluffing when he claimed he could bombard Britain with rockets at the time of the Suez crisis last year.

The defence chiefs did not take this threat seriously then. They were satisfied that it was not technically possible for the Russians to have produced rockets capable of operating accurately at such ranges.

Now an event has occurred which is making the Western defence experts change this opinion.

REMEMBER?

To understand its significance turn your mind back to the end of the war when scientists throughout the world were staggered by the technical brilliance of the liquid fuel German V2 rocket used to bombard London.

Until then almost all military rockets had been little more than giant Guy Fawkes "fire-works"—missiles propelled by powder or some other sort of solid fuel.

From the moment the first V2s were launched British and U.S. rocket experts were convinced that all long-range weapons in the future would use liquid fuel.

This meant designing extremely complicated engines to burn these fuels—a drawback which has slowed down rocket development for several years. Remember how so many giant test rockets, like the 100-foot long Atlas, have come to grief in America because of fuel explosions or failures?

But the scientists were absolutely convinced that the much simpler Guy Fawkes type of rocket burning solid fuel—which the Services would have preferred because they are safer to store and much easier to use in combat—had no future for long-range work.

Now in the last few months unexpected developments have shown that the scientists were wrong.

There seems to be little doubt that the latest solid fuels could even be used for the inter-continental rockets with ranges of up to 5,000 miles and more.

The danger is that the Russians did not back the wrong horse 10 years ago—probably because they were less impressed by the German work.

They had specialised in solid fuels before the war and if they have gone on doing so, as seems likely they must be ahead—perhaps by several years.

For more than two years now there have been intelligence reports of Russian rockets being fired for distances of 1,000 miles—firings by troops and not simply research tests.

British and U.S. defence chiefs have repeatedly pointed out that the side which first gets the "Fissile Missile"—the push-button rocket capable of delivering an H-bomb over thousands of miles—will hold a military advantage that could be decisive.

THE POLARIS

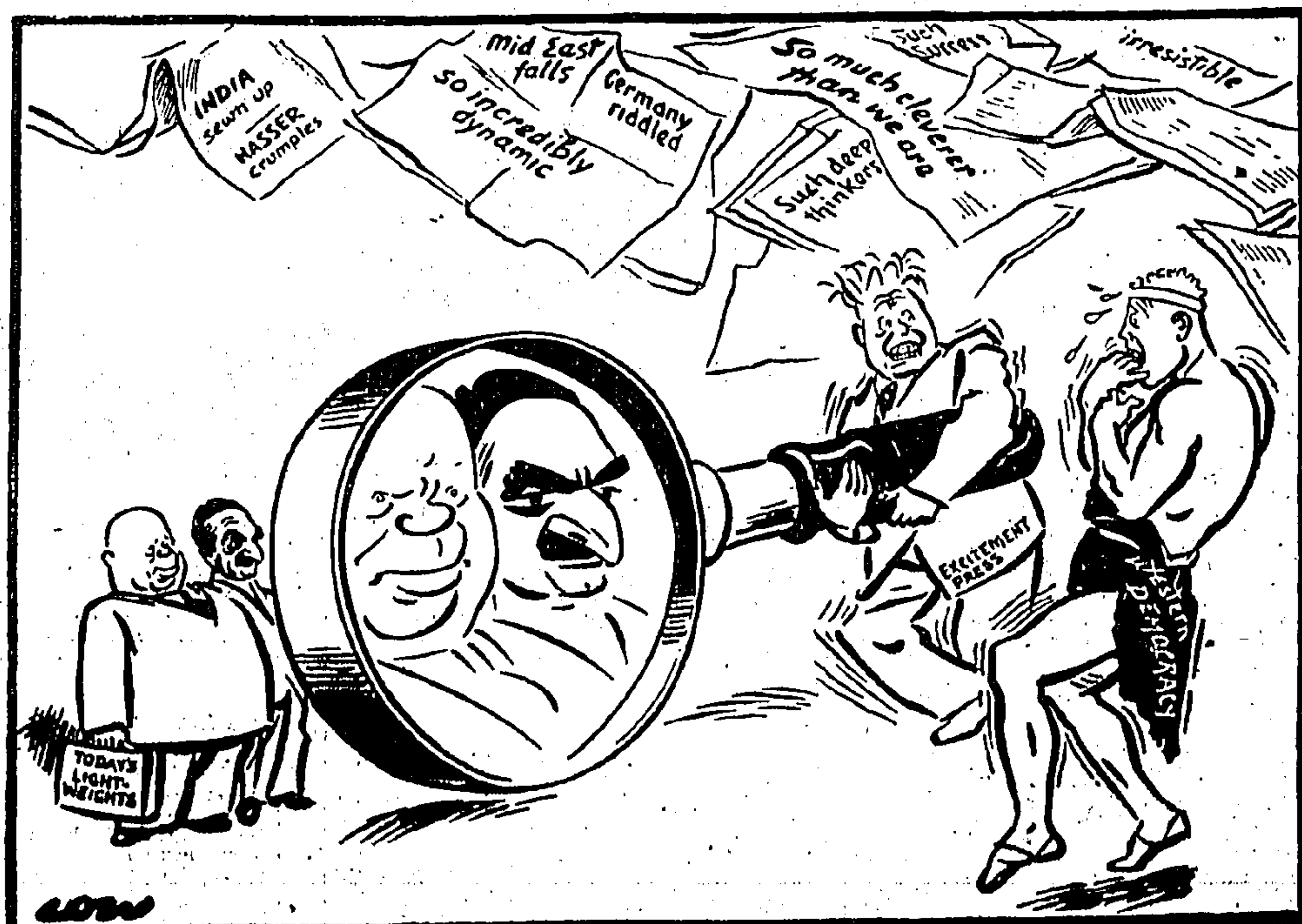
THE Americans and the British are now striving to make good their mistake. The Polaris, with a range of 1,500 miles, is to be propelled by solid fuel.

It is possible that the 2,000-mile-range weapon mentioned by Mr Duncan Sandys, the Defence Minister, recently will be powered in the same way.

But if the Russians have achieved a lead in the "Fissile Missile" race they will need some catching now.

And their behaviour in Syria shows that they are capable of making the utmost use of any temporary advantage they obtain.

by **CHAPMAN PINCHER**



CULT OF PERSONALITY

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Common ground at last

In Ghana: Dictatorship? OR DEMOCRACY?

A delusion from which the British Labour Party suffers is in thinking that Colonial politicians are necessarily sympathetic to Socialism. It is true that since the war a close association has grown up between the Labour Party in Britain and leaders of Colonial opinion, but that is because the latter have endeavoured to enlist Labour support for their nationalist aspirations.

The Labour Party has for long encouraged up-and-coming countries to run before they can walk, so, not unnaturally, politicians have felt that Labour will be more disposed to sponsor their ambitions than Conservatives. Once, however, "freedom" is achieved, it does not follow that there is any real bond between Colonial policies and British Socialism.

For example, it was not so long ago that Sir William Bustamante was the blue-eyed boy of British Socialists. His party called itself the Labour Party; he was a Nationalist struggling for Jamaican independence. But when Sir William showed that he was no Socialist stooge and that he was prepared to give capital a fair deal, he became, in Labour eyes, a Tory reactionary.

Confidence

History may repeat itself over Dr Nkrumah, who has been flattered and "battered" up by British Socialists. It was only last Christmas that Mr James Griffiths, Chairman of Labour Parliamentary Colonial Group, and Mr Morgan Phillips, on behalf of Transport House, sent a special message to Dr Nkrumah assuring him that "We, personally, and the party we represent are your friends and allies". And they went on: "We have complete confidence in you personally and the members of your Government to work out a democratic path of progress for your country."

How conscientiously is their protegee treading the

'democratic path of progress' today?

Reflect on what is happening in Ghana at the moment. The Ghana Government has expelled Mr E. Bankole Timothy, the deputy editor of one of the foremost newspapers in the country. His crime was that he was at times critical of the Government. He was given forty-eight hours to quit.

Deportation orders were also served on two leading Moslems in Ashanti. And when it seemed doubtful whether these orders could be executed under the existing law, special legislation was rushed through the Legislature.

Expulsions

But it is not these expulsions alone that have set the country in a turmoil and stirred up which it was suffering up to the beginning of this year. It is the fear of what is to come that has set the Opposition thinking: of the utterances of ministers like Krobo Edusei, who is reported to have said that "the Government would not tolerate any nonsense in future." "The Government was going to 'get tough'."

What chance is there, then, the Opposition are asking, of safeguards for minorities being enshrined in the Constitution?

The British White Paper on the proposed Constitution of Ghana, which was published after Mr Lennox-Boyd's visit there in January, contained promises which, if honoured, would have satisfied the fears of Ashanti and the North. But, as Conservative Members of Parliament were quick to point out in the debate on the Ghana Independence Bill, the White Paper could not bind Ghana once the country became independent. For the Ghana Government can amend the constitution by a decision of a two-thirds majority of the Legislature. And since Dr Nkrumah's party already has a two-thirds majority, the Constitution can be changed at any moment.

Threats, deportation orders and vindictive legislation are having effects outside Ghana which promise no good for its future.

Mr Timothy is a well-known Sierra Leonean. His countrymen are not likely to forget his deportation, or forgive it.

In Nigeria, the deportation of the two leading Moslems will

be deeply resented by their co-religionists.

But more than that: if Ghana falls down on the high hopes held for it, it will reflect on African capacity—and on West African capacity, in particular—for self government. Thus mis-government in Ghana could affect Nigeria's aspirations to achieve independence in 1960. No one, indeed, is watching Ghana's political progress more attentively than the three Premiers of Nigeria.

There are other watchful eyes abroad—in financial circles in the United States, Canada and London—in any place, in short, from which capital might come for the Volta River electrification scheme. Hopes of raising the vast sum required to start this project have already dwindled. It goes without saying that any irresponsible behaviour by the Ghana Government would extinguish all hope of capital for good.

Recent events must be having an effect too, on those British officials who are still serving in Ghana, since the last thing they want is to be associated with any form of totalitarianism. They are merely doing their duty in serving the Government which pays them. But expatriates in the judiciary and the police have already incurred ill-will among the Ashanti. Their position could quickly become intolerable.

Behaviour

The surprising thing about the events which have taken place since Dr Nkrumah's return from the Commonwealth Conference is not that they have taken place, but that they should have evoked surprise in the outside world. For the Government of Ghana has, in fact, behaved as any student of African political behaviour might have expected. In Africa, as in Latin America, ruthless suppression of opponents is a necessity in self-defence. The Opposition in Ghana know this well. Would they not behave like that if they were in power? No wonder, then, that they fear for the future.

But what is surprising to those who know him is that Dr Nkrumah, with his capacity for good sense and moderation, should have been associated with these events. It is said that he looks worn and worried. Are we seeing, then, the real Nkrumah in action? Or is he being jockeyed along by his back-room boys who have more power than they are credited with?

The fact is that Ghana is on the threshold of a struggle be-

YUGOSLAVIA

the land where freedom fighters won't lie down

by LES ARMOUR

DJILAS, in the preface to the book his friends have smuggled out of Yugoslavia, apologises for the fact that his work is not so well rounded as it might be.

"My circumstances," he says, "are at best uncertain, and I am therefore compelled to express my personal observations and experiences hastily."

This understatement is typical of the man. He languishes now in a prison with which he is familiar. He did time there under the inter-war monarchy and under the Germans.

Now he awaits whatever whim may occur to Josip Broz, his one-time friend, fellow-partisan, and comrade in the revolution. And if Broz, alias Tito, is not so cruel as Stalin, he is also not so genial or imaginative as Khrushchev. Djilas has exposed his regime in quiet, cool, well-reasoned sentences, which lay bare the whole fraud of Communism itself.

It does not seem that his chances are very good.

But then Milovan Djilas is a Montenegrin and Montenegrins have never cared much about overwhelming odds. They held out for centuries against the Turks, led regular revolts against

the monarchy, and now contrive to give Marshal Tito plenty of sleepless nights.

They are a curious, cussed race who happen to like freedom better than anything else they can think of.

When you and all your ancestors back as far as you care to look have lived under threats of death, you do not frighten so easily as other men. So Djilas has managed to keep his mind straight, his purpose clear through it all. And he can still manage a smile.

There was a time, of course, when Djilas believed that Marx and Lenin had laid down the creed through which true freedom and the brotherhood of man were to be found. That he should have been taken in at all is not so surprising as it might seem.

Underground

In the underground movements which first landed him in jail in the 1930's, Djilas did find the brotherhood, the single-minded dedication to professedly noble ideals, and the willingness to act despite the consequences which seemingly comprised all he was looking for.

There were, of course, moments when he had his doubts. Stalin was in league with Hitler while Yugoslavia burned.

In the subsequent guerrilla war, while he showed his contempt for worldly ambition by running his share of the

conflict dressed in an old shirt and a battered hat, he discovered that his friend Tito has developed a taste for gold braid and silk shirts.

But he kept his peace. Perfection was not to be had, but the fight had to go on.

He found himself, in the end, a vice-president of the new republic. Tito's right-hand man, and an enormous influence on Yugoslav politics.

He objected to the rigid bureaucracy which grew up around him, to the laws which did peasants who had fought for their land out of their gains. But these, at first, he attributed to the needs of the time. Anarchy must be prevented, the wheels of government and of industry must somehow be made to turn.

Some gains were won: the collectivization programme on the farms was all but abandoned, some freedom of speech was made possible and, under Djilas' prompting, Tito stood up to Stalin and began to cultivate friends in the West.

(Moscow placed the bulk of the blame for the Tito-Stalin split on Djilas and, for once, the Kremlin was probably right).

Right up until 1954 it seemed best to stay where he was and do what he could to mould the revolution along the lines of his dreams.

It was then that he realised quite clearly what he had long suspected: With the revolution, there had emerged "The New Class," the phenomenon from which he has taken the title of his book.

The central fact in his discovery was just that if you place total political and economic control in the hands of any small group of men—however good their intentions may be—you automatically produce a vested interest which can never be equated with the public good.

Total economic planning produces an economy which is susceptible to none of the ever-changing pressures of popular



demand. The people must be made to conform not only in their productive capacities but also in their capacities as consumers. They must consume what the plan has produced or the plan will break down.

Deviation

On the other side of the coin, the handful of men in whom the power has been placed come to value their power above all else. Any deviation threatens their privileged position and must, therefore, be stamped out at once.

Rulers in a democracy have relatively little to gain from power and relatively little to lose if they are usurped by the opposition. In an oligarchy, the stakes are far higher: If you have pushed a great many people around for a very long time, the consequences of relaxation may be disastrous.

Djilas had not, in the early days, believed that the men with whom he had fought in the mountains could be susceptible to these pressures. But he was to learn that the problem is not one of human nature but of logic. Once you decide on total planning you have decided to push people around. Once you do that you do not dare give up.

The problem is not a new one. Bertrand Russell set it all out in "The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism" in the

early days of the Russian Revolution, and other men have made it clear many times since. But Djilas and his well intentioned friends were to find it out at first hand. Once it was clear that no amount of goodwill would change anything, he became an implacable enemy of the system itself.

He was sacked from the vice-presidency, shunted out of the party.

He lived obscurely on what his wife could earn as a bank clerk. But even that was not enough. He had to fight. He knew that there was only one way of making his views known in Yugoslavia. That was to have them published abroad.

If the words of Tito's right-hand man appeared anywhere, Yugoslavia would have to find out because there would have to be a trial and what he had done would have to be made public.

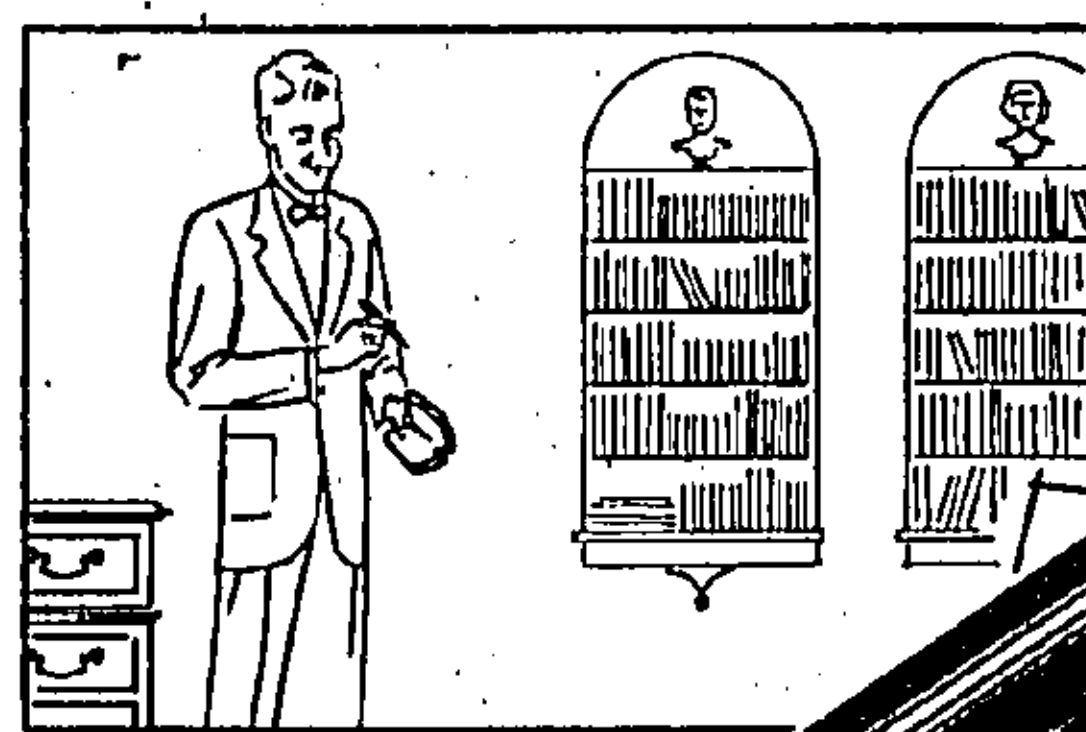
He wrote, was tried and sent to jail. Still, he hadn't had enough. He had to have his book smuggled out and published as widely as possible.

In that he has succeeded. Some say that Tito won't dare to act in the face of Western opinion. Others hold that all that remains to be fixed is Djilas' appointment with the hangman.

His position, as he would put it, remains "uncertain".

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with Show Page

LOGAN GOURLAY

★ To dig out on a
★ mountain top
★ the man
★ they say is
★ to wed the
★ world's most
★ stunning girl

THE Big Laughter—that's what they call Carlo Ponti. So I was told by a film producer who has done business with him. And so I have now discovered for myself.

The classification means that if you ask Signor Ponti to accept a smaller percentage, or if you ask him an awkward question, he laughs in a varying scale of decibels—according to the percentage and question. It's a useful technique used by many politicians and executives.

Certainly in the ordinary way and just for laughing's sake Signor Ponti has a lot to laugh about. He is one of the richest and most successful of Italy's film producers.

And it has been reported that children is a reason for using the Ponti technique of the laugh—the slightly wry variety of course.

The fact that Signor Ponti already has a wife and two

Cow-bells

HE used it frequently when I found him at an altitude of about 9,000ft. in Switzerland. He wasn't easy to find in the

Swiss mountains and valleys where the ring of cow-bells drowns the sound of echoing laughter.

For obvious reasons, of course, he didn't particularly want to be found.



SOPHIA LOREN AND HER (LAUGHING) CAVALIER—SIGNOR PONTI

He wasn't staying, as I'd heard, with Signorina Loren at her villa in Mendrisio, a small village near the Swiss-Italian border, where worthy inhabitants are more interested in smuggling than sex symbols.

He wasn't, as I had been told, installed with Miss Loren in a large hotel in Lugano.

But he was—and so was Signorina Loren—in Burgin-stock. This is a unique retreat for the rich—a private estate perched on top of a sizable mountain overlooking Lake Lucerne, with golf course, tennis courts, swimming pools, ball-rooms, fountains, chic shops, three hotels.

Signor Ponti and Signorina Loren were staying in the grandest of the three hotels, which has a genuine Rubens on one wall and which charges about £10 for a room (single) for one day with three meals.

When I arrived the rain was boiling down like spaghetti and a heavy mist obscured the mountain peaks.

But Miss Loren was visible standing at the hotel entrance, her arm which had been round her lower waist and shook hands firmly.

She said she was sorry and she hoped I'd understand, but she couldn't, at this stage, grant an interview—even to an important newspaper man like me. (After her first Italian trip the girl knows, among other things, how to throw in a little flattery.)

If she did grant one to me she would offend all the other newspaper men she had been refusing.

She would prefer Signor Ponti to cope with me. Besides, she had to pack because she was leaving in a few hours. She rushed off.

Signor Ponti, with possessive eye, watched her tall figure in light-fitting slacks and sweater retreating down the corridor. I did too, with admiring eye.

Signor Ponti said he was ready to cope and we sat down in the lounge near the Rubens.

He is broad-shouldered, with a chin that juts like Mussolini's did and a balding head that will soon shine like Mussolini's did. His eyes are large, dark brown, intelligent, and they don't always laugh when he does.

He owns four splendid villas, one in Rome, two in Milan, and one in Asinara. He has four or five cars ("I'm not sure of the exact number").

Wedding rings

HE twisted a wedding ring worn on the wedding finger (Miss Loren wears what looks like the partner on the same finger), and gazed at a small gash on his thumb.

I asked if he had perhaps been bitten by someone. I thought for a moment that Signor Ponti would fall out of his chair laughing.

He recovered and pointed to the gold buckle on his pointed-toe Italian shoes.

"I put them on in too big a hurry this morning when I got up."

The next question—Did he plan to divorce his wife and marry Miss Loren?—was the one he had obviously been waiting for.

He laughed promptly—wryly. His eyes didn't.

"Anything I say might hurt some people concerned. Or it might be damaging legally. All I can say is I hope everything works out in the future."

'Not true'

HE shrugged and went on: "Of course the divorce is difficult in Italy. But the stories that I come from Italy to Switzerland to become a resident and for the divorce are not true. I come here for a holiday. With Sophia."

"It is a wonderful place for a holiday, is it not?"

"For a wedding too," I said. (Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer were married secretly here three years ago and now have a villa near by.)

Signor Ponti agreed. He tackled the question of his exact feelings for Signorina Loren with his best non-committal laugh.

But he did pin himself down to saying not that he loved her passionately or madly but that she was a wonderful girl and nobody could help loving her.

Signor Ponti, who has been married for 11 years and whose children are nine and seven, went on: "I have known Sophia for seven years, since she was 16. Yes, 16. She's 23 now."

"Me? I'm 43."

"Do you get upset about references to the difference in your ages and heights?"

I thought I'd gone too far. It looked as though this might be too much for him. He went off into a paroxysm of laughter.

I waited till he was able to say:—

"Not Not I don't worry about these things. Neither does she."

"I have no complex about height."

The word

"SHE, of course is very tall for a girl. But she is built in proportion as you know."

"She is not, though, just the beautiful body. The personality is appealing too."

He was talking now as the professional film producer, not the suffer.

"She is unique. She is what you call the... the... the..."

"Prototype."

"That is the word. She is the first of her type. Others copy."

"I give her the first film part. I also give the first part to many others—Lolobrida, Mangano, Valli, Martine—and now I find a new girl called Marisa Alasio."

"Isn't she labelled the new Loren?"

He reacted with only a smile, showing teeth nearly as white and even as Loren's, with just a hint of dentist's gold.

"No, she is not like Loren. Anyway, one Loren is enough. I am more than happy to have found one." (I didn't think he was talking only as the film producer.)

The parting

"SHE still has the contract with me. But it runs out soon, after seven years."

"Will you give her a new contract?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

I couldn't resist inquiring if it would have a marriage clause. A near-paroxysm this time. But he got to his feet without help to get ready to leave with Sophia.

They drove off half an hour later in an Alfa-Romeo (Miss Loren's, not one of his four or five).

He was going to his villa in Rome. (His wife and children are at the Asinara villa.) She was going to meet her mother before leaving for Hollywood.



ALL READERS OF THE CHINA MAIL (and a few others) who join the Daily Express, Watch for LOGAN GOURLAY UNLIMITED on this, that and everything, regularly in the Daily Express.

I had enjoyed meeting the merry Signor Ponti. Who wouldn't? All the world loves a lover—and a laugh.

The mountains and valleys sounded quiet just after he had gone. Only the tinkle of the cow-bells.

The owner is paid about £250. If he's wise he doesn't gamble too much.

But if you think you have a suitable flat and want to make an easy £250 don't write to me.

The croupiers and waitresses who serve champagne and expensive morsels are paid £50 each for the night's work.

One of the croupiers tells me:—

"Sometimes we get as much as £400 a night in tips from winning guests. But we're not allowed to keep them. They have to go into the kitty."

Final word from a party organiser: "It's a pity the laws about gambling in England are so restrictive. Pity there are no casinos here."

A blessing, I'd say, for Mr Aspinall and associates.

THESE private gambling parties are spinning out in an ever-widening circle from Mayfair to take in the Home Counties.

The stately country homes are now being used as settings by the gambling organisers and soon no hunt ball will be complete without its roulette wheels and chemin-de-fer tables.

But a party can only be staged once in each home. Otherwise it would become a habitual gaming house and the police would have to take action.

However, it will be several years, I reckon, before the stately country homes have all been used and the organisers are reduced to suburban semi-detached.

At a recent country house ball, I'm told, so popular was the gambling that there were almost no couples dancing to the society music of Paul Adam.

THE pay-out

REASON for the move to country homes may be, of course, that there are no more not-previously-used Mayfair flats available.

Mr John Aspinall, the 30-year-old fair-haired chief organiser, who has a taste for gaudy shirts and who has a tall, beautiful wife with an inscrutable croupier's smile, prefers to say:—

"It's just that there's a demand for gambling. Always will be."

"It's quite a responsibility. We handle quite large sums of money running into thousands of pounds."

"If anyone wishes—and they do occasionally—and they don't pay his losses, I have to fork out. Sometimes thousands."

Despite the occasional "wisher," Mr Aspinall looks extremely prosperous to me.

The arrangement with the owner of a flat which is borrowed for a party is that the furniture and valuables are carefully packed and carried out to a van where they stay all night, and the gilt chairs and tables, are moved in.

In the morning, after the party, the flat is cleaned up and the furniture moved back.

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By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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ESCAPE IT...THIS IS
PARISThis
is the
length

With a belted front, an up-and-down back, the shift dress looks alarming at first glance. But it's a line that grows on you. Here, in scarlet jersey. A Paris adaptation by Corvett; suede hat by Mirman.

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line

With a belted front, an up-and-down back, the shift dress looks alarming at first glance. But it's a line that grows on you. Here, in scarlet jersey. A Paris adaptation by Corvett; suede hat by Mirman.

IT'S not a false start. It's a new silhouette. The Paris autumn line is a straight up-and-downer. Rather frightening. Rather hard on the curves. But fresh, chic, and a pointer to the future.

The up-and-down dress is loose at the waist, like a shift, skims the hips, and is very, very short—two inches below the knee at Dior, even shorter at Balenciaga.

But there are many variations which take away the starkness. Often, the hips are loosely belted or belted. (The hips are the point of interest this season. The bust is flattened to vanishing point.)

THE SNAGS

Often, the fabric is thick and exciting—such as knobby shag and black tweed.

Often, the front is belted, and cut in two like a jacket and skirt, while the back alone hangs straight and loose in the shift line.

I don't know how it "shifts." I've only seen it worn by the models.

I think you must be slender for it. The only place where the dress clings is the neckline, so if you're too hippy already, it won't do.

I think you have to wiggle about inside it to get the best out of it. The models ripple as they walk, to give interest to dresses which are very, very loose and plain.

But if you slipped around in private life you might be misunderstood.

ALL SHORT

The rest of the Paris news is easier to swallow.

Skirts are short everywhere, on everything. Full-skirted dinner dresses—very short. Suits—very short. Coats—tapered at the hem and very short. Pleated skirts—quite a lot about and very short.

Hats are worn back of the head. There are dozens of shapes, but that's the angle.

You wear a helmet way back. A cloche way back. A turban way back. A fur hat way back. The only hats that go further forward are Dior's young, pretty sailors, tilted on the side.

There's a big new trend for fabric hats in the same material as your dress. Leopard print

with leopard print, black velvet with black velvet, tweed with tweed.

There are many hats with evening dresses.

And there are suede hats and fur hats; not last year's Cosacks, but delicious, round little helmets.

NOT FOR ME

Evening dresses are short and full or long and narrow. A few of the shift dresses turn up in evening fabrics, fringed and beaded like the twenties, but they are not everybody's meat. Not mine, for one.

A pouched line is the outstanding alternative to the up-and-down dress. There are suits and dresses pouched softly over the waistline, which is loosely belted. The tight-belted waist, like the fitted waist, is absolutely out.

Sweaters take very kindly to the new line. Guy Laroche has thick, loose sweaters with a band of tweed round the hips, and tweed skirts to match.

Belts are everywhere, worn in any way but the way you know. Soft, narrow belts mark a low waistline, or go lower still, round the hips.

Belts tie softly. Or a belt is slotted in and out of your coat. Or goes round the front only of your dress. Or is slung loosely round your jacket, like a sash.

THEY MATCH

Shoes are still long and pointed and extremely pretty. They match their dresses exactly, and at night are not only dyed, but embroidered to match.

Fabrics are substantial. For coats, English mohair-and-nylon. For suits and dresses, knobby tweeds. For night, more velvet, less chiffon.

THE PLEASANTEST new trend I've noted is an outburst of younger designers and younger clothes.

The greatest designer since the war, Balenciaga, has led Paris for 10 years with clothes which look their best on women of at least 35. But now younger men like Cardin and Laroche, with their pinfore dresses, simple suits and bearable prices, are blazing a trail for the girls in their twenties.

It's time someone burst that old slogan that you can't be both pretty and chic.

★ ★ ★

IT'S not like me to count my blessings. But I must say I'm quite glad I don't live in Paris. It's not all flower markets and wine by the carafe.

The way the shops shut up for August makes housekeeping a nightmare for the few who are left behind—and even in

Paris somebody must work in August, or France wouldn't merely run down, I suppose it would stop.

Parisians talk of nothing else now but the cost of living. Prices are soaring. Even wine (as staple there as beer to the English) is going up for the fifth time this year.

The French haven't the faintest idea of comfort. Tapestries, hard gilt chairs, and bibelots are no substitute for the deep sofas, good beds, and hospitable fire-places of the English home.

In Paris, even the grandest house is basically bleak.

HOW TO MAKE A LITTLE HUSBAND
GO A LONG WAY

By Eileen Ascroft

LONDON. MADAM, if you possess a pint-sized husband do you know that you can add inches to his height by skilful dressing?

Faced with this problem from a tall girl: "My husband is a darling, but I always feel self-conscious walking beside him in the street." I set out to discover some of the secrets of making a short man appear tall.

ONE ANSWER

Sports shirts, with bold vertical stripes, are one answer, worn outside the trousers so that they do not cut the figure. These come in Venetian-striped denim, with brass buttons and coat pockets.

V-necked smooth pullovers are another idea, in preference to those chunky crew-neck affairs that make short men look like cubes. Jackets, with long narrow revers, help to "stretch" the torso; so do diagonally or vertically striped ties.

Yet another trick is trousers with sharp creases and shallow no turn-ups, worn with plain socks. Violent patterns draw attention to the feet...and their lack of distance from the head.

SHORT SHORTS

I met actor Richard Attenborough (5ft. 11in.) shopping in Simpsons for his South of France holiday. "SHORT shorts" were his instructions from wife Sheila. "She hates to see small men wearing bulky shorts down" to their knees. Sheila will approve his choice of rough-surface linen in string

colour. To match he bought Swiss cotton net shirts that hang loose and straight over the trousers and can be worn with or without a tie.

Racing motorist Stirling Moss (5ft. 7½in.) adds to his height by having his suits tailored with long, narrow lapels and just one or two buttons to close the jacket.

Take baby oil to begin with. Marvellous to dry skin!

BRIGHT IDEAS

"This helps to streamline the figure," he says. "I also put my flannee into Louis-heeled shoes and make her walk in the gutter."

His bright ideas for the male, conscious of his lack of inches, is: "Cultivate a circle of small friends and try and hang on to your hair."

Film producer Herbert Wilcox (5ft. 5in.) believes in single-breasted jackets. "Double-breasted coats are a mistake for short and tubby men because they make them look square."

He has his waistcoats cut very high and his trousers three or four inches above the normal waist to give the legs a long look. Narrow trousers also help the stream-lined effect.

Wife Anna Neagle cautions against wide-striped suitings, favours blue or grey and very narrow pin-striped. She hates short men in loud sports suits or chunky sweaters.

The short man, says comedian Norman Wisdom (5ft. 4in.), "must be meticulous about his grooming." He (108lb.) and flannee (fairly slim fitting) are good daytime wear.

Mrs. Wisdom (5ft. 5in.) insists on wearing high heels, but she has sleek, jet hairdo so minimises the difference in their height.

—(London Express Service).

Use it on hands and elbows. Rub it on to a dry complexion. Pour some in the bath and be sure to use it as a body lubricant.

Cuticles, too, benefit from baby oil. It keeps them soft and easy to shape, does away with rough edges.

Baby's medicated powder is something else you can borrow. It has a clean, sweet odour and is just the thing to pat on after your bath or shower.

SOOTHS FEET

Use it, too, on tired, burning feet and sprinkle a bit on skin that's chafed from a clothing rub or shows prickly heat rash.

Still a third baby aid that has beauty uses is the sterile cotton ball. Its handy for removing nail polish and also makes a nifty powder puff. You can use it to apply lotions or to remove them. It's practically an indispensable item for both beauty and baby shelves.

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Mr. Yi-Kwai Sze at Kai Tak with Mr. Harry Odell, and (below) Korean stars Cho Mal-ling and Ra. Ai-sin here for the film Arirang.



ABOVE: Sir Maurice and Lady Hutton arriving in the Colony for a week's holiday from Australia where Sir Maurice is Managing Director of the Anglo-Australian Corporation.

LEFT: Scene at the entrance to St John's Cathedral as the Director of Education the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier and Mrs. Crozier come out from a special service.

RIGHT: Carmen Soriano, winner of this year's title "Miss Manila" poses prettily before her return after a week in Hongkong.

LEFT: The Rev. S. Withers-Green, Warden of Morrison Hall, Hongkong University, stands in the doorway of the Morrison memorial church, Macao before the 150th anniversary service of Robert Morrison's arrival in China.

BELOW: Dr. T. F. Fox, (left) Editor of "Lancet" and spokesman of a British Medical party which returned from the mainland recently to re-establish professional connections.

Staff Photographers



ABOVE: Dr. L. T. Rido, Vice-Chancellor of the University, delivering the lecture prior to the opening of the Robert Morrison memorial exhibition.

LEFT: At St John's Cathedral, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Walker and family for the christening of twin sons Andrew and Philip.

RIGHT: Twins again... the 15th birthday of Juliet and Joan Williams, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Williams of Leighton Hill.

(Both pictures by MING YUEN STUDIO)



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Above left... arrival of Sarawak PRO Mr Philip Jones, welcomed by his regional boss, Leslie Smith. Below, right... at the Haven of Hope TB sanatorium in Junk Bay, Miss Annie M. Skau and the Governor. The others... Postmen's annual swimming gala... flash-light shot from below of a flying dive... and Miss M. Larkins and Mrs L.C. Saville with a guest of honour's prize. Staff Photographers



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Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, on his arrival at Kai Tak, inspects the Pipo Band of the 1st 6th Gurkha Rifles.



Swimming record breakers (left) at the Colony Chinese Swimming Championships, Miss Leung Shiu-bing (SCAA) and Miss Au Yuen-ling. And trick divers Miss Kiki Kaimussen at the LRC and Mr Wong Kan of Fortuna with his winning one metre springboard dive.

RIGHT: Mr. Richard W. Reuther, Executive Director of CARE, presents a cheque for \$32,000 at Aberdeen fish market to the director of marketing Mr W. V. Dickinson.



ABOVE: Christchurch, Kowloon, says goodbye to the Rev. and Mrs. Reg. Trueman. Mr. Trueman leaves the church to become Principal of the Union Theological College, and Assistant Lecturer on "Religious education" at Chung Chi College.
LEFT: Merdeka Night saw cocktails and a gay crowd at the Malay Club.



While their fathers were busy bowling for the Police Liberation Shield at the Recreation Club, Happy Valley, Anthony and Brian Boxall find a companion after their own hearts.

RIGHT: Mrs. L. T. Ride welcomes the Governor and Lady Grantham to the RHKDF Sergeants Mess Liberation party at the Volunteer Centre.

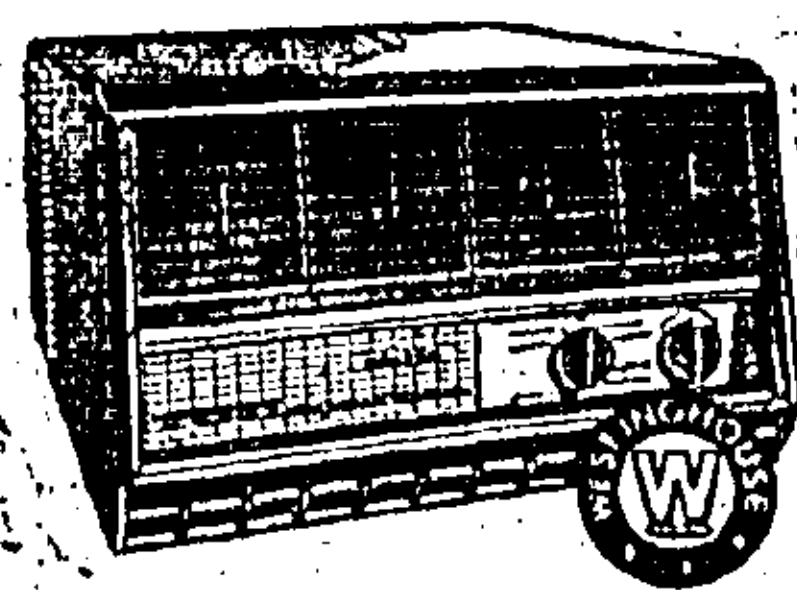
BELOW: At the YMCA Boy's Camp near Ronnie's Mill, campers take a nap on the tables after lunch.

All pictures by Staff Photographers



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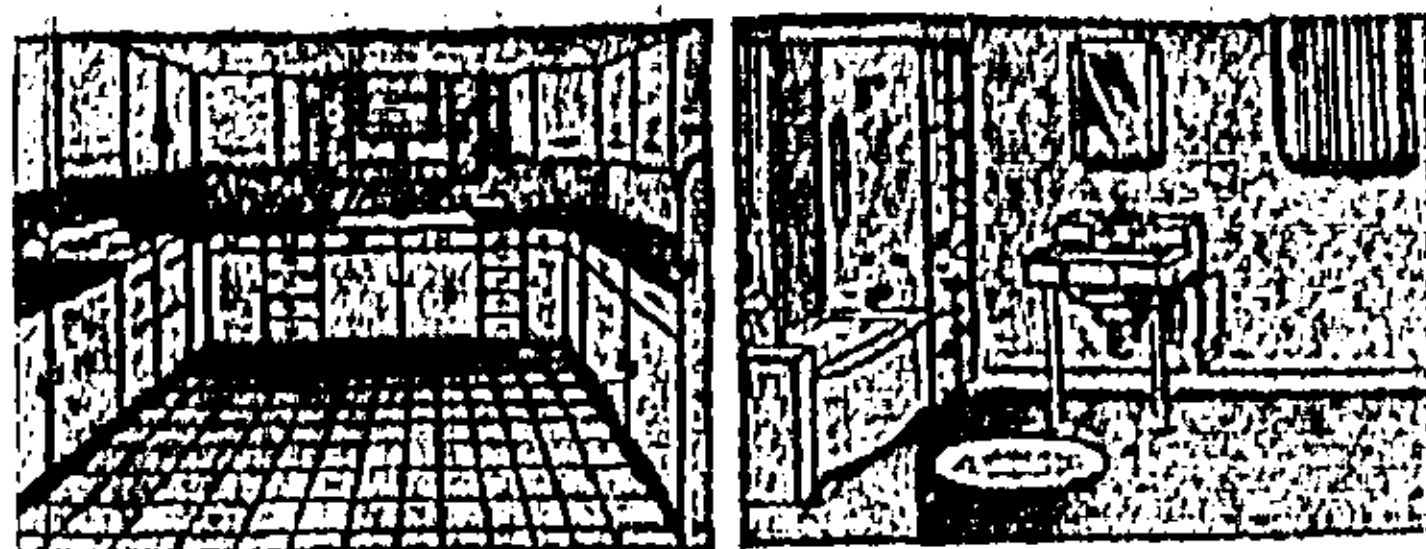
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Tatted Mat With Dainty Motif

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.). 2 balls selected colour. Millwards Tatting Shuttle.

MEASUREMENTS: 14 in. (35.5 cm.) in diameter.

ABBREVIATIONS: R—ring; ds—double stitch; p—picot; sep—separated; cl—close; rw—reverse work; sp—space; ch—chain.

DIRECTIONS

1st Row: Tie ball and shuttle threads together. R of 4 ds, 5 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, cl. R of 12 ds, 1 p, 12 ds, cl. Ch of 8 ds, join by shuttle thread to centre p of next ch of first row; repeat from * all round, joining last ch to same p as thread was joined. Tie ends and cut.

2nd Row: Tie threads together. Join to centre p of first ch of first row, * ch of 8 ds, R of 12 ds, 1 p, 12 ds, cl. Ch of 8 ds, join by shuttle thread to centre p of next ch of first row; repeat from * all round, joining last ch to same p as thread was joined. Tie ends and cut.

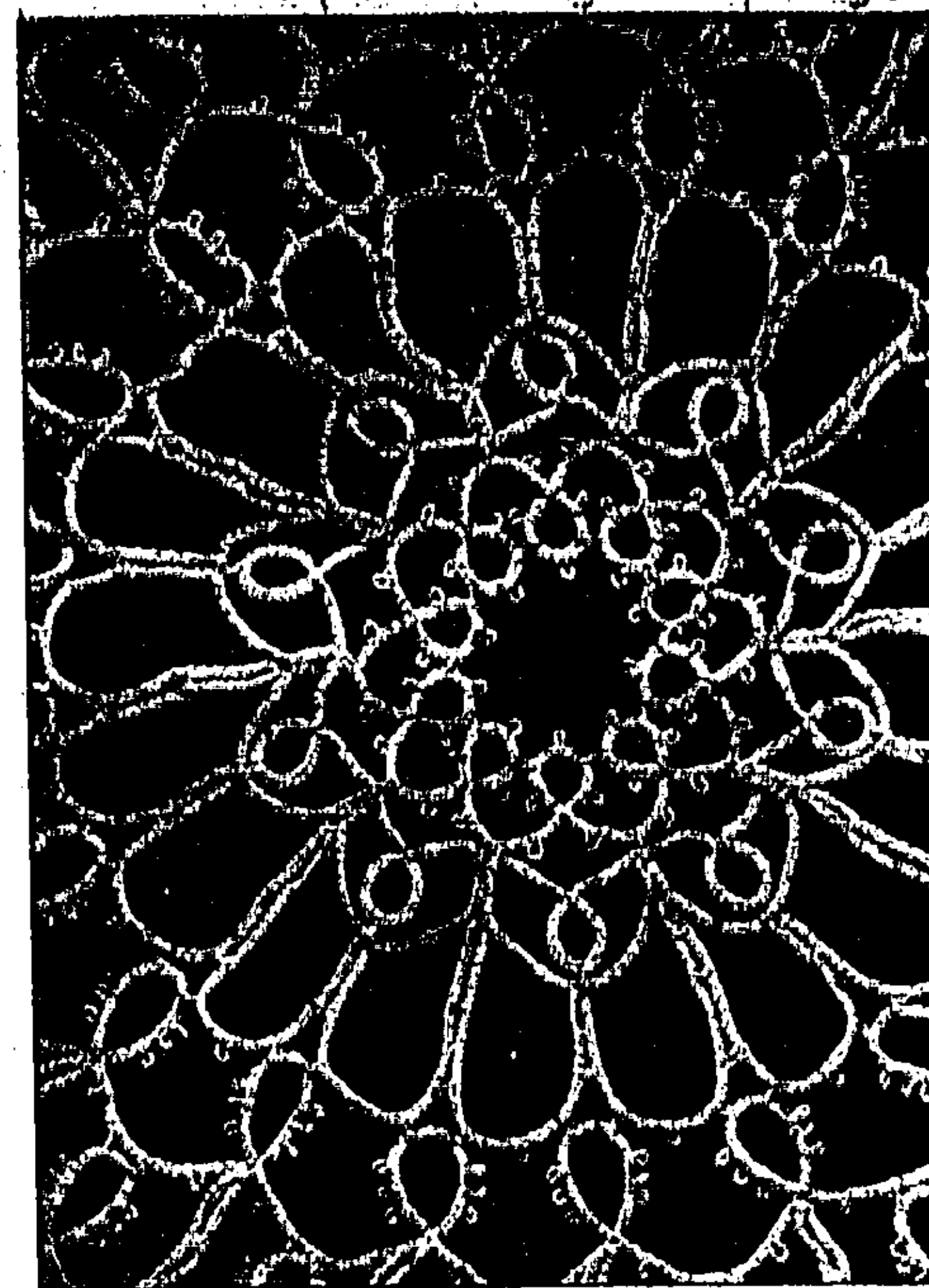
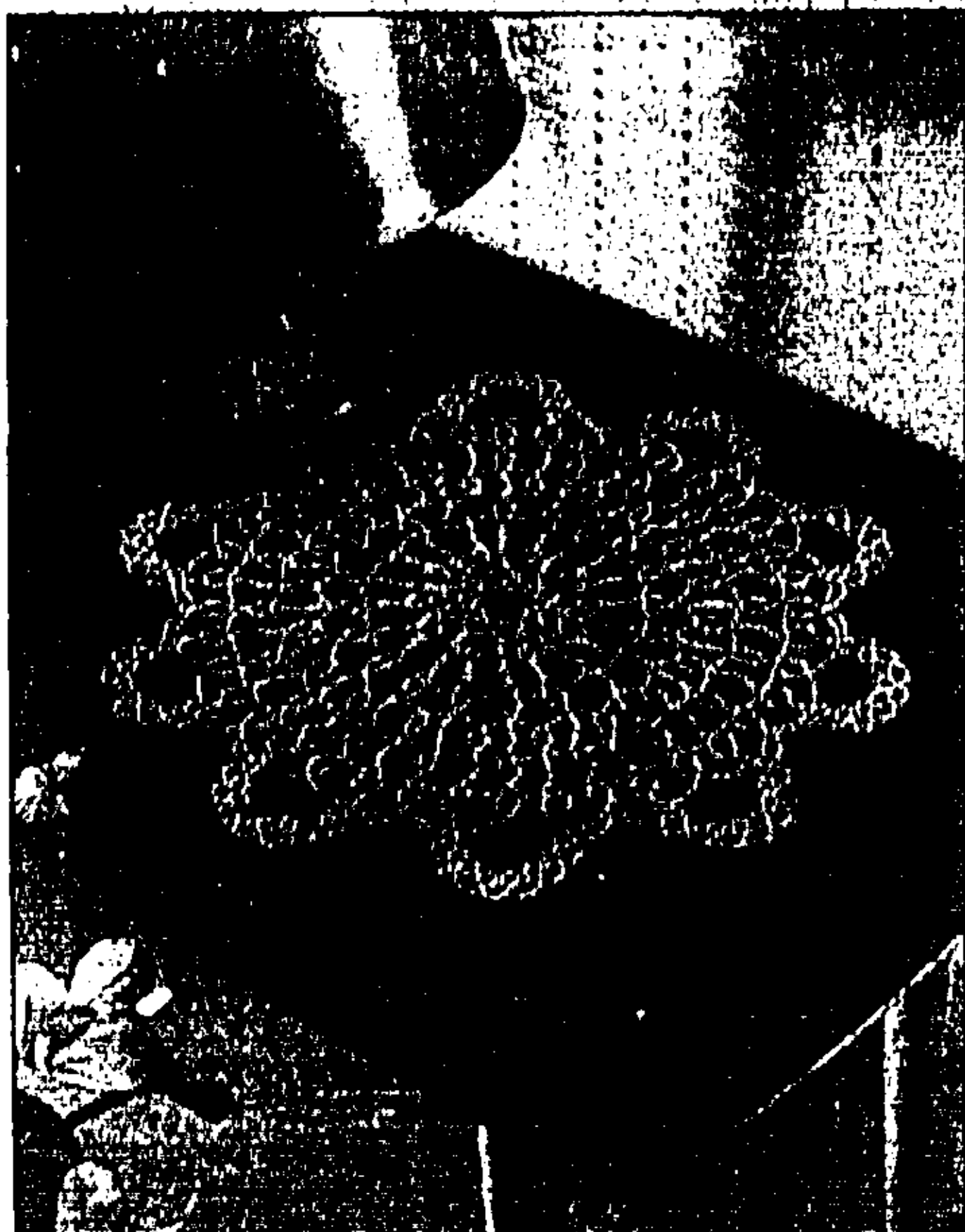
3rd Row: Tie threads together. Join to centre p of first row where second row was joined. Ch of 5 ds, 1 p,

12 ds, join by shuttle thread to p of previous row, 12 ds, 1 p, 5 ds, * join by shuttle thread to centre p of next ch of first row. Ch of 5 ds, join to adjacent p, 12 ds, join by shuttle thread to p of next R of previous row, 12 ds, 1 p, 5 ds; repeat from * all round, joining last p of last ch to first p of first ch, 5 ds, join to same p as row commenced. Tie ends and cut.

4th Row: Tie threads together. Join to p of R on 2nd row over ch on 3rd row. Ch of 10 ds, 1 p, * 6 ds, 4 ps sep by 6 ds, 10 ds, 1 p, 10 ds, join by shuttle thread to same p as adjacent ps of previous row were joined together. Ch of 10 ds, join to adjacent p, 10 ds, join to next adjacent p, 6 ds, 4 ps sep by 6 ds, 10 ds, join by shuttle thread to p of next R of 2nd row. Ch of 10 ds, join to adjacent p; repeat from * all round omitting 10 ds at end of last repeat, joining last p of last ch to first p of first ch, and joining ch to same p as row commenced. Tie ends and cut.

5th Row: Tie threads together. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join to 2nd free p of ch of previous row, 6 ds, join to 1st free p of next ch of previous row, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl. * R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, miss 1 p of ch of previous row, join to next p, 6 ds, join to first p of next ch, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl; repeat from * omitting R at end of last repeat, joining last ch to base of first R. Tie ends and cut.

6th Row: Tie threads together. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join to 2nd p of ch of previous row, 6 ds, join to 1st p of same ch, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join by shuttle thread to base of R of previous row, 10 ds, join to adjacent p, 10 ds, join to next adjacent p, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, miss 1 p of ch of previous row, join to next p, 10 ds, join to



next adjacent p, 5 ds, 2 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join to 2nd free p of ch of previous row, 6 ds, join to 1st free p of next ch of previous row, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, miss 1 p of ch of previous row, join to next p, 6 ds, join to first p of next ch, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl; repeat from * omitting R at end of last repeat, joining last ch to base of first R. Tie ends and cut.

7th Row: Tie threads together. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join to 2nd free p of ch of previous row, 6 ds, join to 1st free p of next ch of previous row, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, miss 1 p of ch of previous row, join to next p, 6 ds, join to first p of next ch, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl; repeat from * omitting R at end of last repeat, joining last ch to base of first R. Tie ends and cut.

8th Row: Tie threads together. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join to 2nd free p of ch of previous row, 6 ds, join to 1st free p of next ch of previous row, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, miss 1 p of ch of previous row, join to next p, 6 ds, join to first p of next ch, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl; repeat from * omitting R at end of last repeat, joining last ch to base of first R. Tie ends and cut.

9th Row: Tie threads together. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join to 2nd free p of ch of previous row, 6 ds, join to 1st free p of next ch of previous row, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, miss 1 p of ch of previous row, join to next p, 6 ds, join to first p of next ch, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl; repeat from * omitting R at end of last repeat, joining last ch to base of first R. Tie ends and cut.

10th Row: Tie threads together. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join to 2nd free p of ch of previous row, 6 ds, join to 1st free p of next ch of previous row, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, miss 1 p of ch of previous row, join to next p, 6 ds, join to first p of next ch, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl; repeat from * omitting R at end of last repeat, joining last ch to base of first R. Tie ends and cut.

11th Row: Tie threads together. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, join to 2nd free p of ch of previous row, 6 ds, join to 1st free p of next ch of previous row, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, R of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, miss 1 p of ch of previous row, join to next p, 6 ds, join to first p of next ch, 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 3 ds, 5 ds, cl; repeat from * omitting R at end of last repeat, joining last ch to base of first R. Tie ends and cut.

NEW USES FOR ALMONDS

THE Jordan almond was assigned a new use at the 74th annual convention of the National Confectioners' Association in Chicago.

With pastel Jordan almonds for petals and chocolate nonpareils for centres, you can make candy flowers to adorn your gift packages, Mrs. Louise Lang, home economist for the NCA, said. In addition to white tissue and ribbon a gay candy posy or candy cluster will add a fancy touch to the plainest package.

Mrs. Lang told how to do it: Wrap candies individually in clear-plastic wrap, leaving ends of wrap to work with. Attach fine wire to ends of wrap, then assemble petals and centres to make your flowers. Cover wire ends with florists' tape for stems if you wish.

Attach candy bouquet or individual candy flower to the bow on your gift box. With leaves cut from green paper or artificial green leaves, you can make a candy corsage that will substitute for a bow.

Household Hints

When loading an automatic dishwasher, always place aluminium pieces toward the back so that, when the detergent cup opens, they won't be sprayed with undissolved detergent. The proper amount of detergent, when dissolved in water, will not harm aluminium.

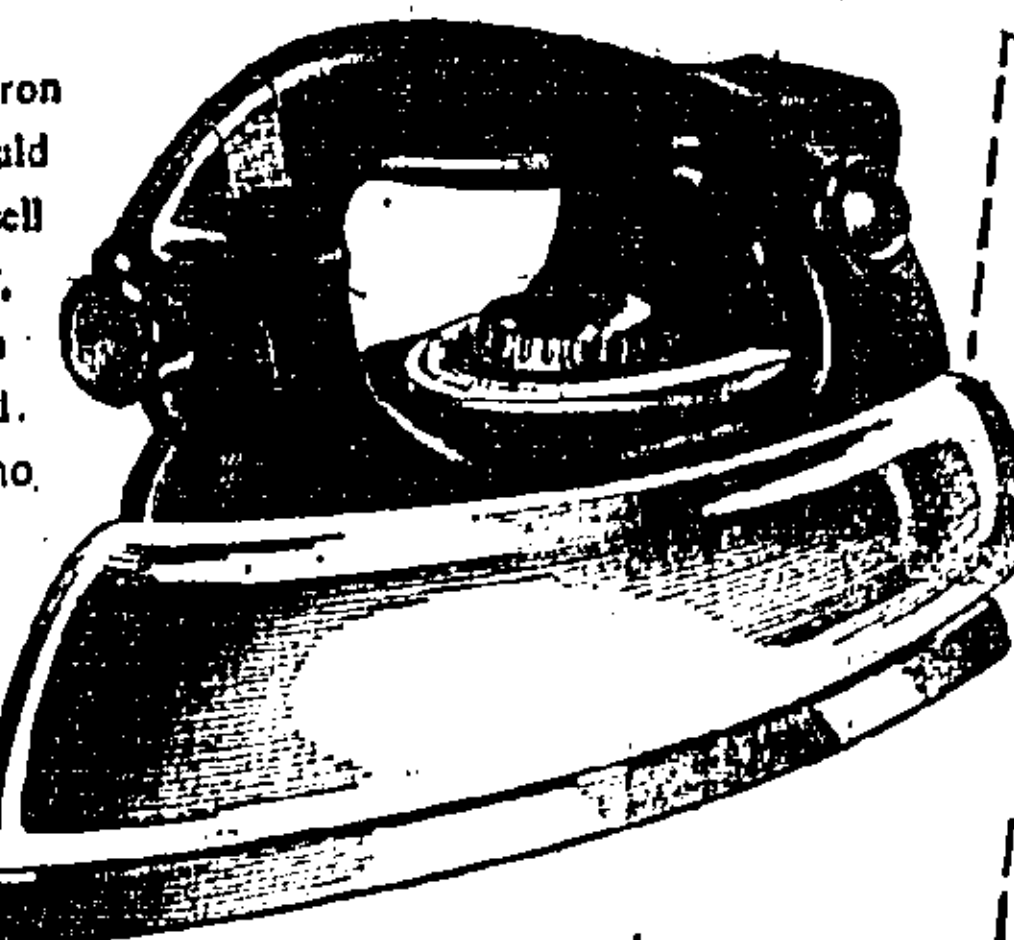
Any wrinkles in the surface of crisp fabrics that occur during the laundering process are difficult to remove, and fine creases could cause permanent damage to the fabric.

It's easier to iron trimmings of rickrack braid if you reverse the garment with the rickrack trim and iron it on the wrong side. In this way, the tip of the iron cannot catch points of braid.

MORPHY-RICHARDS IRONS

FOR EVERY
PURSE AND PURPOSE

If a woman wants an electric iron there's every reason why she should choose MORPHY-RICHARDS. They sell on design, they sell on efficiency, and they sell on price—there's an iron to suit everyone's means and everyone's preference. There's no finer range of Heat Controlled Irons on the market—and everyone knows it.



STEAM IRONING
AT ITS BEST AND
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THE
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THAT HAS
EVERYTHING

THE EVERYDAY IRON
WITH THE LUXURY
LOOK

Morphy-Richards
**HEAT CONTROLLED
STEAM & DRY IRON**
Controlled Heat and Steam for every kind of fabric. Uses ordinary Hot or Cold Tap Water. Heat Controlled when Dry Ironing. As safe and simple to use as an ordinary iron.

Morphy-Richards
ATLANTIC Lightweight IRON
The iron with the "Butterfly Touch"—weighs only 2 1/2 lbs. Long-life, built-in spiral element. Automatic Heat Control and Pilot Light. No T.V. or radio interference. Reversible! Hot entry and thumb rest for left or right-handed users.

Morphy-Richards
SENIOR Midweight IRON
Metal glazed porcelain case in attractive pastel colours. Easy-to-read Fabrics Selector Dial. Teleside Pilot Light. Ever-cool, easy-grip handle.

A Power for Good in the Home
MORPHY-RICHARDS LTD. 6 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.1

Sole Agents:
SHEWAN TOMES & CO., LTD.
9, Ice House Street, 4th Fl. Hongkong. Tel. 27781

Dolman Sleeve Jersey

MATERIALS: 8 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool; two each Nos. 11, 12 and 13 knitting needles. 7-inch Zipper fastener.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit a 36-inch bust; length from shoulder to lower edge, 20 inches.

TENSION: About 8 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS: K., knit; p., purl st.; st., stitch; m., make, i.e., by bringing wool forward; tog., together; s., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; rep., repeat; rem., remain; dec., decrease, i.e., k.2 tog.; inc., increase, i.e., work twice into a st.; cont., continue; patt., pattern; t.b., through back of sts.; beg., beginning.

BACK

With No. 13 needles, begin at lower edge, casting on 120 sts. Work in rib of k.1, p.1 for 3 inches, inc. one st. at beg. of last row. Change to No. 11 needles.

1st row: P.1, (k.1, p.1) to end.
2nd row: P.
3rd row: K.1, (p.1, k.1) to end.
4th row: P.

These 4 rows form the main pattern of the jersey. Keeping continuity of pattern, inc. one st. at both ends of 3rd row, then of every following 6th row until there are 145 sts.

Work 37 rows on these sts. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Leave these sts. on spare needle.

THE SLEEVES

(in two pieces)

First Part: With No. 11 needles, cast on 2 sts. P.1 row.
1st row: Cast on 2, (k.1, p.1) twice.
2nd row: Inc., p. to end.
3rd row: Cast on 3, (k.1, p.1) 4 times.
4th row: As 2nd row.
5th row: Cast on 2, patt. to end.
6th row: As 2nd row.

7th row: Cast on 3, patt. to end.
Rep. last 4 rows 9 times, then rep. 2nd row 79 sts.
Next row: As 5th row.
Next row: Dec., p. to end.
Next row: Cast on 4, patt. to end.
Next row: Dec., p. to end.
Rep. last 4 rows once. 87 sts.

Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

Second Part: With No. 11 needles, cast on 2 sts.

1st row: P.1, k.1.
2nd row: Cast on 2, p. to end.
3rd row: Inc., p.1, k.1, p.1.
4th row: Cast on 3, p. to end.

Cont. as for first part from 4th row to ** reversing shapings, by reading p. for patt. and patt. for p. With same needle, work in patt. across the back sts. then across the sts. for first part of sleeve. 327 sts.

Cont. in patt. casting off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 223 sts. rem. Now divide for back opening.

Next row: Cast off 2, p. till there are 109 sts. on right hand needle, cast off 1, p. to end.

Keeping continuity of patt. work across all sts. on the needle, working the first of row with one ball of wool and the other half with a second ball of wool. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 139 sts. rem. 89 sts. each side of back opening. Now shape shoulders. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows; 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows; then 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. 56 sts. 28 sts. each side of opening. Cast off.

Notes: Before commencing the lace panel, slip a loop of contrast coloured wool on to needle, and another loop after the second lace panel has been worked. In the first row, these loops can be slipped from left-hand needle on to right-hand needle, without working, to mark beg. and end of the centre 53 panel sts.

FRONT

Work as back until ribbing has been completed. Change to No. 11 needles.
1st row: (P.1, k.1) 18 times, p.1, slip in coloured loop, * k.1.

2nd row: K.4, s.1, k.1, p.s.s.o. (k.1, m.1) twice, k.1, k.2 tog., k.4 m.1, k.1 * (p.1, k.1) 9 times, p.1 rep. from * to * slip in second coloured loop, (p.1, k.1) 18 times, p.1.

3rd row: P. till coloured loop is reached, * p.2 tog., p.2 tog., t.b., p.2 * p.19, rep. from * to * p. to end.

4th row: (k.1, p.1) 18 times, k.1, * k.5, k.2 tog., (m.1, k.1) 3 times, m.1, s.1, p.s.s.o., k.5 * (k.1, p.1) 9 times, k.1, rep. from * to * (k.1, p.1) 18 times, k.1.

5th row: P. to coloured loop, * p.4, p.2 tog. t.b., p.7, p.2 tog., p.4 * p.19 rep. from * to * p. to end.

6th row: P. to coloured loop, * p.2, p.2 tog. t.b., p.11, p.2 tog., p.2 * p.19 rep. from * to * p. to end.

7th row: Inc., patt. to coloured loop, * m.1, k.1, k.2 tog., k.4, m.1, k.3, m.1, k.4, s.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.1, m.1 * patt. 19 rep. from * to * patt. till 1 rem., inc.

8th row: P. to coloured loop, * p.1, p.2 tog. t.b., p.13 p.2 tog., p.1 * p.19 rep. from * to * p. to end.

9th row: Patt. to coloured loop, * m.1, i.e. wool over needle, k.1, m.1, s.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.1, k.2 tog., m.1, k.1, m.1, i.e. wool round needle, * patt. 10, rep. from * to * patt. to end.

10th row: P. to coloured loop, * p.3, p.2 tog., p.9, p.2 tog. t.b., p.3 * p.10, rep. from * to * p. to end.

11th row: Patt. to coloured loop, * m.1, k.1, m.1, k.2, s.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.7, k.2 tog., k.2, m.1, k.1, m.1 * patt. 10 rep. from * to * patt. to end.

12th row: P. to coloured loop, * p.5, p.2 tog., p.5, p.2 tog. t.b., p.5 * p.10, rep. from * to * p. to end.

These 12 rows form the lace panel pattern. Cont. in this way, inc. one st. at both ends of next row, then of every 6th row following until there are 46 sts. each side of front panel. Now work as for back from ** to ** keeping continuity of lace panel and pattern each side of panel. Cont. in patterns, casting off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 241 sts. rem.



Next row: Cast off 2, patt. till coloured loop is reached, slip these sts. onto st. holder, work main patt. across the 53 panel sts, slip rem. sts. on second st. holder.

2nd row: Dec., p. till 2 rem., dec.

3rd row: Dec., patt. till 2 rem., dec.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

6th row: As 2nd row.

7th row: K.1, (m.1, k.2 tog.) to end.

Rep. from 2nd to 6th row, but inc. instead of dec. Cast off loosely. Slip sts. from lower edge of sleeve. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 1 inch. Change to No. 12 needles. Work in rib for 1 inch. Change to No. 13 needles. Work in rib until cuff measures 3 inches. Cast off in rib with No. 11 needles.

8th row: K.1, (m.1, k.2 tog.) to end. Begin with p. row and work in main patt. inc. one st. at front edge in next 5 rows. Cast off loosely. Work other side of neck to match.

CUFFS

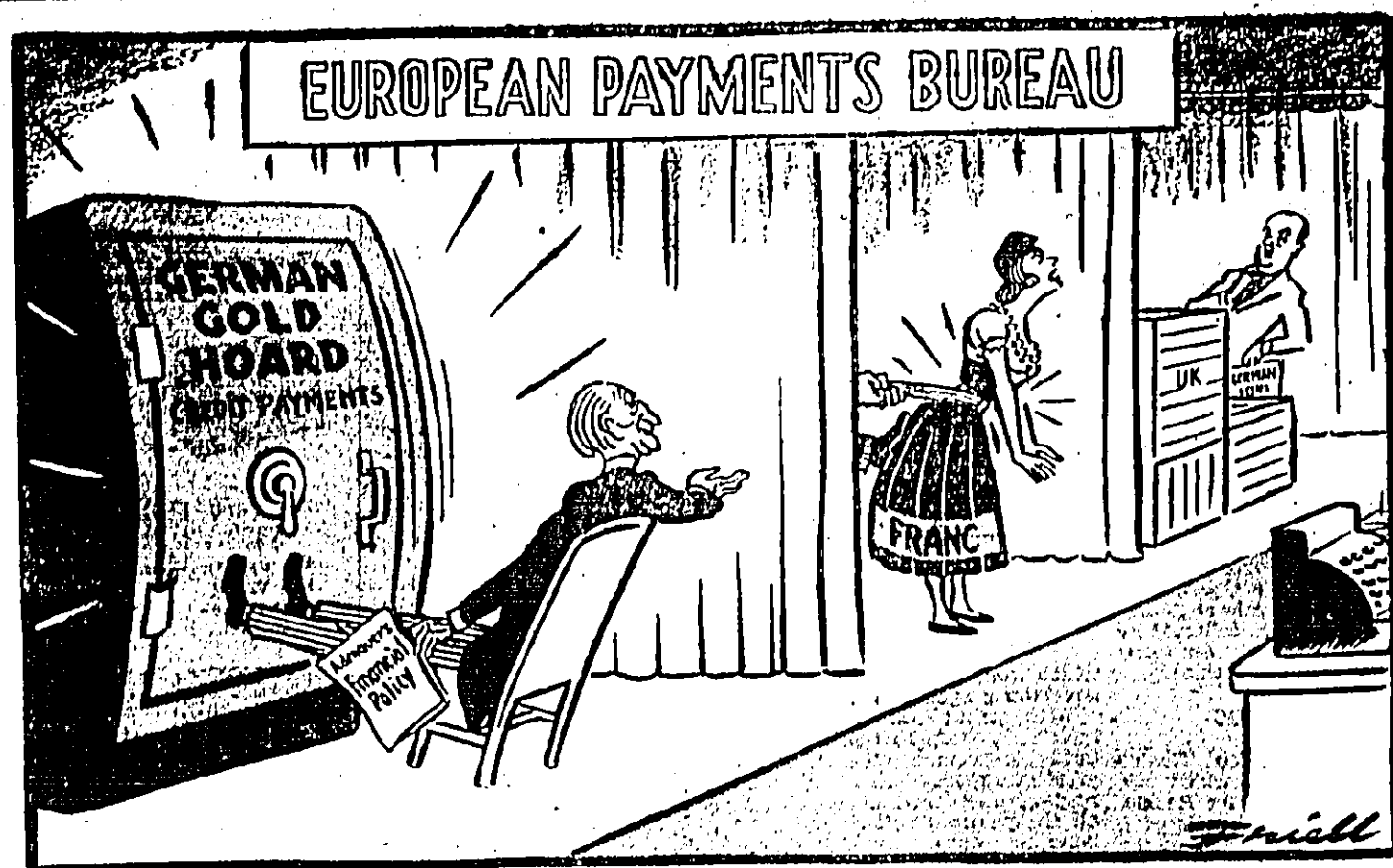
(Both alike)

With right side of sleeve facing and using No. 11 needles, pick up and k. 80 sts. along lower edge of sleeve. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 1 inch. Change to No. 12 needles. Work in rib for 1 inch. Change to No. 13 needles. Work in rib until cuff measures 3 inches. Cast off in rib with No. 11 needles.

MAKING UP

Press on wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth, avoiding all ribbing. Sew underarm and sleeve seams. Join midrib edge of front and side neck borders, then fold border in half at cystlet row and sew edge down neatly on wrong side. Sew in Zipper fastener. Press waistband and neck border.

Join Shoulder and Top Sleeve Seams
Neck Border: With right side of work facing and using No. 11 needles, pick up and k. 80 sts. along right neck edge to



"AH, MADEMOISELLE! THINGS ARE TIGHT HERE, TOO!"

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STIRLING MOSS On the race tracks — England sets her cap at the honours again

Vanwall v the World

by JOHN COTTRELL

Life is one long race for Stirling Craufurd Moss. He is a man who hates to waste time.

He has learned to shave, dress and breakfast in fifteen minutes flat. And this sets the pace for the rest of his day.

To his mind, leisure and activity are synonymous. So when he is not hurtling round the Grand Prix tracks at 100 m.p.h. or more, he might be found practising judo, skiing on water or snow, dancing, swimming, spear fishing, fly-fishing, making model cars, or theatre-going.

Sleep, he says, is a waste of seven hours a day. "So I rarely go to bed before two or three o'clock in the morning."

This impatient approach to living does much to explain his remarkable rise in the motor-racing world.

COULD NOT WAIT

Moss could not wait until he was old enough to hold a driving licence. At the age of eleven, he stripped down and pepped-up an old Austin Seven and practised fast cornering on a rough farm track.

At 17, he entered racing events. At 21, he became Britain's youngest champion driver.

Now at 27, he has been British Champion five times and has done more than any other driver to bring Britain back into the top class of motor racing.

He was the first Englishman to win the Italian Mille Miglia, the British Grand Prix, and the Monaco Grand Prix. And, he has been involved in several

crashes which might easily have ended his career. He has broken bones, suffered bruises all over, and lost many teeth. Fortunately, his father is a dentist.

Stirling Moss is a natural-born racing driver who has inherited much of his talent from his parents, both of whom used to be prominent figures in the motor-racing world.

He has all the mental and physical attributes which go to make a racing champion—strong but sensitive fingers, an ice-cool brain, and razor-sharp reflexes. Although he is only 5 ft. 7 in. tall and 11 st. in weight, he also has great physical strength. Yet because of an old kidney complaint he was turned down by the R.A.F.

Brilliant cornering skill is perhaps his greatest asset as a driver. And he has always positioned himself in the Formula One—stirling fairly well back in his car, with head back and arms straight out.

Moss is equally deceptive on the racing track. He shows no outward sign of nerves before a race and looks supremely confident and relaxed as he sits chewing gum behind the steering wheel. In fact, he is invariably fed-up before a big race and never lets his mind relax until the finish.

He is not, as some would imagine, a man without fear. Numerous narrow escapes have made him fully aware of the hazards of his profession and he has learned that even a top racing driver needs a fair share of luck. So he always drives with a miniature horseshoe as his lucky-piece. And he will never use a changing room with his unlucky number, eight.

This is just as well, for he has been involved in several

crashes which might easily have ended his career. He has broken bones, suffered bruises all over, and lost many teeth. Fortunately, his father is a dentist.

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FLAIR FOR SPORT

Moss has always had a great flair for a sport. He excelled at boxing, wrestling, rowing, swimming and show-jumping. But there was rarely any doubt in his mind that motor-racing would be his special niche.

His parents, however, being well aware of the physical and financial hazards of the profession, had other ideas. Stirling, they said, would become a dentist like his father.

When this plan failed, they tried to interest the boy first in hotel management and then in farming. But it was hopeless.

Young Moss had sold his show-jumping trophies and taken all his savings to pay for a faster car. And, finally, after some heated family arguments, he won his parents over and gained their whole-hearted support in his enterprise.

So it was that, at the age of 17, Stirling Moss made his debut on the professional racing scene, a slight, youthful figure in white overalls at the wheel of a small white car.

His car was a Cooper 500, and in his first event he set up a new 500 c.c. class record and came in fourth. He finished the season with eleven wins out of fifteen events.

The following year, Moss joined the professional H.W.M. team touring the Continent. In his third season, he was champion British racing driver. That year he won the Tourist Trophy race in Ireland and gained a Continental reputation which today stands as high as any Englishman's.

In three years he had progressed from a novice to a £100-a-meeting driver.

For £157 extra there are automatic gears, and for £205, overdrive.

The unaltered price is £1,411, including tax. Also announced today by the BMC is a new Morris Oxford Traveller at £805, purchase tax paid. It combines the comfort of a saloon with load-carrying space of a fair sized van—outgoing on the back wheels.

The year did, however, begin with a great disappointment for Moss. And it occurred in rather strange circumstances. In the Grand Prix of Argentina.

This was Stirling's first race for Mercedes, and naturally he was eager to win. But when he was in second place, the fuel pump of his car failed and he had to retire from the race.

Exhausted and burning under the hot Argentine sun, Moss laid down for a rest at the side of the track. Within seconds, an ambulance arrived and eager attendants were bustling him away to the hospital as a certain victim of sun-stroke.

Only after a fierce, gesticulating argument did Moss manage to persuade the Spanish-speaking attendants to turn him loose. The ambulance, with loose steering, returned to the track and Moss took over another car. He finished the race in fourth place.

Stirling Moss has made motor-racing pay handsomely. In a good year, he may have a gross income of £8,000; and he has invested his savings wisely.

He enjoys motoring of all kinds and has even taken part in the Veteran Car run from London to Brighton. His 1903 Cadillac broke down outside Buckingham Palace and he had to jump it to get it started again.

In 1952, at his first attempt, he came second in the great Monte Carlo Rally. In 1954, he won the Gold Cup in the tortuous Alpine Rally. And once he drove a British saloon car through fifteen countries, covering 3,160 miles in 3 days 17 hours.

In this way, Moss has shown himself to be the most versatile driver in the world. In other words, he has taken part in such a wide variety of events with such success.

Yet Moss has still not fulfilled his greatest ambition as a racing motorist. Above all, he wants to become World Champion—in a British car.

CALCULATED RISK

For this reason he took a calculated risk last year in deciding to drive the British-built Vanwall in Grand Prix events. At the time, the car had shown a remarkable turn of speed, but had not proved its reliability over Grand Prix distances.

This year, his faith in the Vanwall has been justified. He has become the first British driver to win the Grand Prix of Europe in a British car. And with Vanwall he won the Pescara Grand Prix in Italy in record-breaking time.

This is the first time that Britain has won two championship races in a season. And the Pescara victory was the most convincing win by Britain in a European race.

Stirling Moss hopes to win the World Championship next year. If he succeeds, he will be the first Englishman to earn the coveted title.

Of course, there is the fact that he is getting older, and that he is getting married. But he does not plan to retire until he has achieved his ambition.

Even then, it is doubtful whether Moss will quit the racing circuit. This stocky, well-devised man, with his shining hair, is getting the middle-aged look. But he has still not lost any of his boyish enthusiasm for cars.

Once he broke a leg in a racing crash. Ten days later he was driving again, with his leg in plaster. That is the kind of man he is.

Now American TV has to search for sponsors

ONLY in America could you find for sale in a shop blue velvet shoes with platinum heels encrusted with diamonds and rubies—dirty plates and cutlery, price £2,500; a sofa covered then returns with them to in 54 square feet of milk—the washing machine; a bad price £320; a personal radar which rocks and rolls set for finding lost golf electrically to cradle the balls; a self-propelled dumb-sleeper into oblivion.

In this vast glittering dollar dishwasher crosses to the arcade, the television set acts dining-table to receive the as the smooth-talking sales-

ALAN BRIEN reports from NEW YORK

man. More money is paid to the faces on this small screen than could be earned in Wall Street or in the White House.

The highest-paid businessman in the United States receives £104 an hour, the President £23, and a Congressman £2 10s.

But for one 20-minute television appearance a star like Frank Sinatra or Ethel Mer-

man can pocket up to £4,000.

Costs go up

All television in America is paid for by advertisers. With costs sky-rocketing, only the fattest, richest corporations can afford the price.

I estimate that a top television show, packed with big names will cost £30,000 to produce.

Then the hire of screen time will boost the bill by another £17,000 to £25,000.

Even a modest filmed series like I Love Lucy in 26 instalments will require a cheque for around £1,000,000.

As television costs continue to increase sponsors are growing canner and more cautious.

A giant like General Electric, one of the pioneers of television advertising, has pulled in its horns and backs only one spectacular show a week instead of several.

Two big firms, the U.S. Tobacco Co. and the American Motor Co., have given up national television advertising altogether.

The three big networks cannot let their screens go blank, yet as Robert Sarnoff, the young go-ahead president of the National Broadcasting Co. says: "Our salesmen have worn out more shoe leather this selling season than at any time in my memory."

One unsponsored half-hour over this winter season would mean a loss of revenue of one-and-a-half million pounds. The



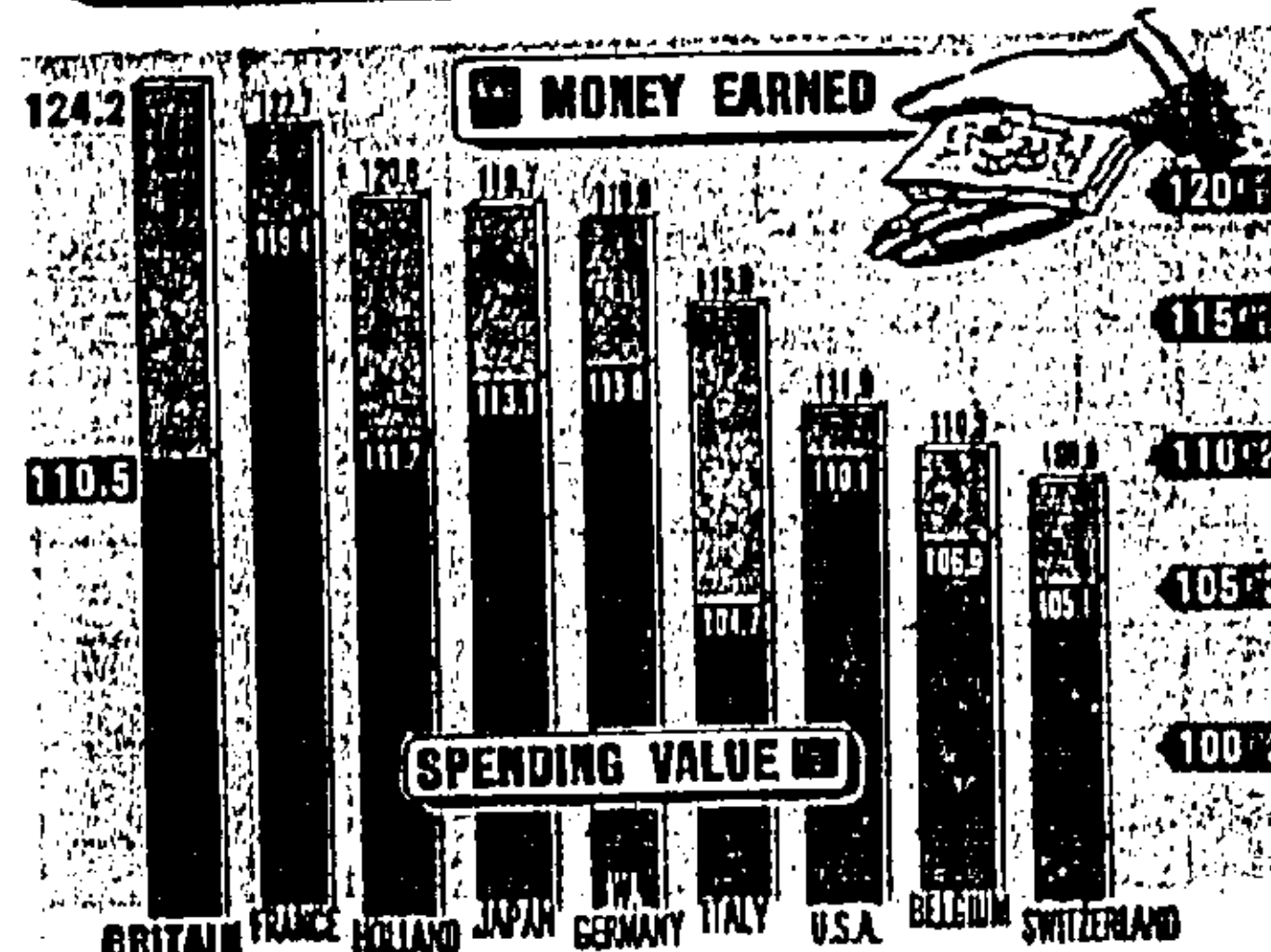
networks, too, walk the knife-edge between boom and slump. "Programmes may cost more, but more people are seeing them. So the price per viewer is really dropping," says an advertising agent.

"More people watch, but do more people buy? A dollar is still a dollar in the annual balance-sheet," replies a business executive.

Meanwhile the consumer goes ahead buying more books, more newspapers, more magazines, even more radio sets, than ever before.

—(London Express Service).

MR. RISING PRICE OUTSTRIPS MR. RISING WAGE



MR. RISING PRICE is still beating Mr. Rising Wage in securing wage increases.

Figures issued by the International Labour Office in Geneva show that, although wages in manufacturing industries have risen by nearly a quarter since 1953, the buying power in Britain has risen only 10 per cent.

This Daily Express Chart, drawn by John Bodle, shows that workers in other countries have done better along High-street. The black section of the totals represents spending value of their money.

In France, wage increases have outstripped price increases. In America, wages and prices have almost kept in step. Even in Japan and Western Germany, the gnawing-away of the wage packets is not so high as in Britain.

MORAL for British workers: Inflation is still eating out the heart of the wage packets. And wage increases are of little value if the extra money will not buy extra goods.

CURE? Higher production—to cut costs and let the existing wage packets buy more along High-street.

Electric Angler Probes the Sea

THE thin white line is going to win a battle for fishermen the world over. It is going to beat the seabed defence of many fish. This is the thin line of attack of the electronic eel—on a radar screen. It is another British invention which is helping to revolutionise fishing.

Fishermen using the electronic fish-finder which pinpoints shoals on a cathode ray tube have found difficulty in separating the echoes of the sea bed and fish swimming just above it.

So the scientists of a firm at Barking, Essex, began intensive research to find an answer.

Since the more they magnified the fishy echoes the bigger they made the seabed, and more confusing became the picture, they hit on the idea of introducing a false dividing line between the two.

Dramatic Effect

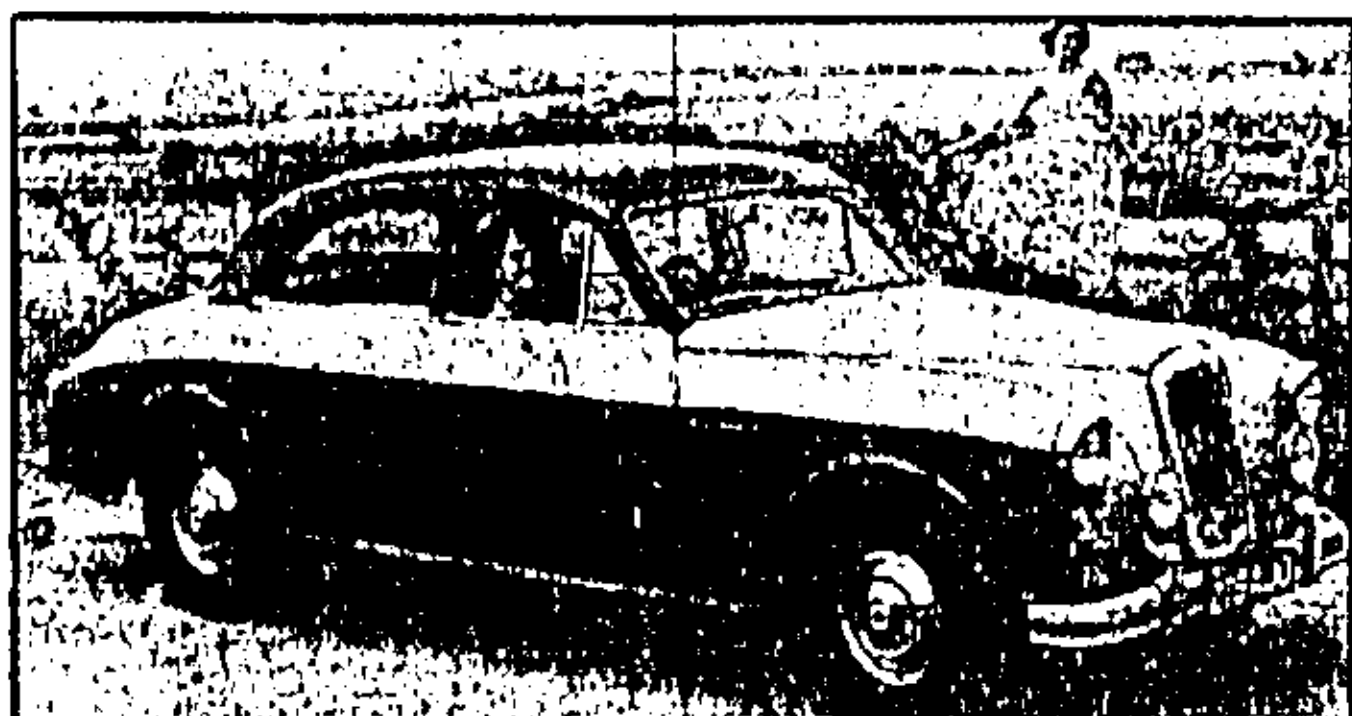
But how? It could not be painted in. The scientific method was to leave something out. Now whenever the fish-finder beam hits the seabed the amplifier is cut out for 1,000th of a second. The effect is to create a thin white line immediately above the bottom.

An official of the firm says: "The effect is quite dramatic. Group fish echoes which would otherwise have been quite indistinguishable now stand out clearly."

A full description of the new method is to be given to fish experts from all over the world at the International Fishing Gear Congress, to be held at Hamburg in October.

—(London Express Service).

A BIGGER, FASTER SAME-PRICE RILEY



The new "Two-Point-Six" Riley, announced recently has seats for five or six. It costs £1,411, including tax.

Leaf springing is back

By ROBERT WALLING

THE opening shot in the battle of new-model announcements before the Motor Show opens in October is a new, big Riley. The British Motor Corporation, who announce it, present a better car for the same price.

I assess it as a safer car than the previous 100 m.p.h. Pathfinder, although it is faster. The new model is shorter, heavier, and has bigger, more powerful brakes.

It is called the "Two-Point-Six" because of its 2039 cc six-cylinder engine, which replaces the four-cylinder 2443 cc unit in the old model.

An interesting development is that the designers have reverted to a normal leaf springing on the back wheels.

Seats? Six people with a bench in the front, five otherwise.

For £157 extra there are automatic gears, and for £205, overdrive.

The unaltered price is £1,411, purchase tax paid. Also announced today by the BMC is a new Morris Oxford Traveller at £805, purchase tax paid.

It combines the comfort of a saloon with load-carrying space of a fair sized van—outgoing on the back wheels.

TURNING POINT

But the great turning point in his career was yet to come. In 1955, his performances earned him an invitation to join the powerful Mercedes team.

He was now able to compete on equal terms with the top Grand Prix drivers; more important, he was able to gain invaluable experience as understudy to the world champion, Juan Fangio.

With Mercedes behind him in 1955, Stirling Moss had his most successful year in motor racing. He was runner-up in the world championship, gained his first Grand Prix victory, at Aintree, and won the tortuous Mille Miglia in record time.

Fly the fastest—fly B.O.A.C. **Britannia** to EUROPE and LONDON



NOW DIRECT FROM HONG KONG. Fly Britannia—it's a wonderful new experience. B.O.A.C. offers regular de luxe First Class and low-fare Tourist services with standards of comfort, cuisine and personal service beyond compare.

Consult your Travel Agent or Jardine's Airways Department. Telephone 63311 (24-hour service)



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

THE
BOOK
PAGEThe bluest stocking
that ever lived

Every 19th century 'great' loved to
bellow in Harriet Martineau's ear-trumpet

by A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE LITTLE DEAF WOMAN FROM NORWICH. *The Life and Work of Harriet Martineau.* By Vera Wheatley. Secker and Warburg. 35s.

"WHAT do you know of Harriet Martineau?" asks the dustcover. And then goes on to credit me with more knowledge than I possessed. I knew such a person existed. I remember noticing the house she built for herself at Ambleside in the days when the Lake District was the favourite resort of intellectuals.

Anything more? She wrote tracts on political economy in the guise of stories for children. Karl Marx thought this very funny, particularly as he disagreed with her economic views. It seems pretty funny to me, too. But apparently children enjoyed the stories, and some still do.

Having read this admirable biography, I now know a great deal more. And I am enthusiastic about both book and subject.

Mrs Wheatley has written a near-perfect biography. I do not mean a masterpiece. There is neither profound psychology nor fine writing.

But the book is exactly what it claims to be, the narrative of a woman's life. Indeed, Mrs Wheatley is so sure that she does not give titles to her chapters, but merely puts dates at the head. Every biographer and historian ought to follow her example.

FASCINATION

Whoever is interested in human character or in the 19th century will read this book with fascinated admiration from the first page to the last.

Harriet Martineau may claim to be the bluest stocking that ever lived. What did she do? The question is rather—what did she not?

She wrote against the Corn Laws, the Game Laws, the Factory Acts, and slavery. She

criticism. She complained that there was too much of "one passion" in Villette—a remark that Charlotte Brontë never forgave.

In Harriet Martineau's life there was perhaps too little passion. She never married and probably never wanted to.

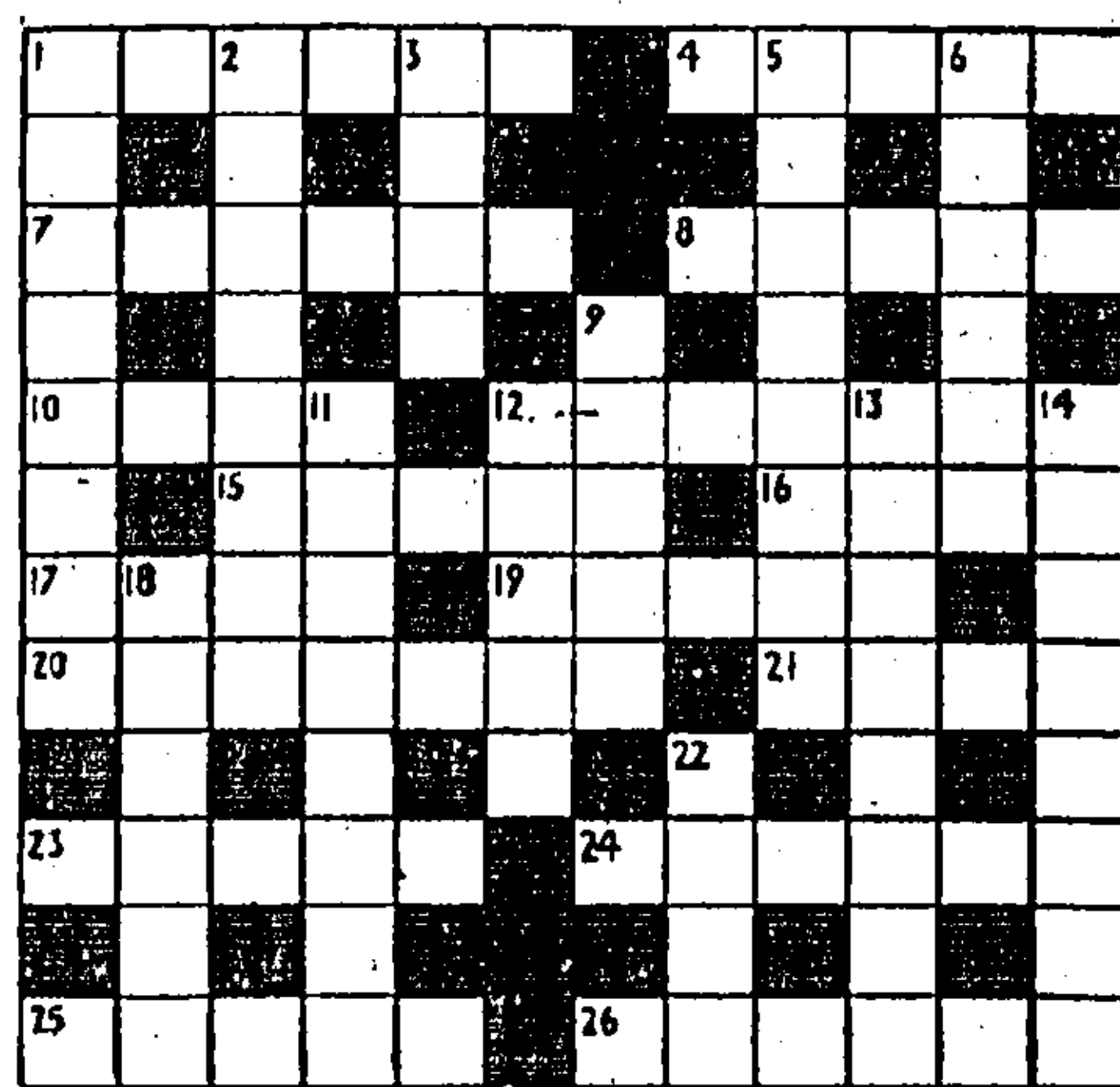
It is fortunate for men that most women fuss over homes and babies and other frivolities. Faced from such distractions, women would beat us right out of the market, as Harriet Martineau did with the men of her time.

—(London Express Service)



HARRIET MARTINEAU
A word in her ear... from Wordsworth

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 The voice of chance? (6)
- 2 Practice of much interest (5)
- 3 Hang around (6)
- 4 Clerical material (5)
- 5 Encompassed (4)
- 6 Chaotic leader (7)
- 7 Pleasing smell (5)
- 8 Where some are called to the bar (4)
- 9 Indian girl in the money (4)
- 10 Alloy for money (5)
- 11 Performance (7)
- 12 Hill-dweller? (4)
- 13 Inlaid Roman figure (5)
- 14 Fine parchment (6)
- 15 Quinine denial? (5)
- 16 Frank (6)

DOWN

- 1 Private wire (8)
- 2 One going abroad (8)
- 3 National emblem (4)
- 4 Faux pas (8)
- 5 Come-back (6)
- 6 Not fat (5)
- 7 Getting ready at stations? (8)
- 8 Days of fast (5)
- 9 Not marked (6)
- 10 Favour may be this (8)
- 11 Oyster man? (6)
- 12 Miss Lynn? (4)

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Admiral, 8 Prussia, 9 Satiated, 11 Comparer, 12 Sun, 13 Allot, 18 Tired, 19 Furs, 22 Creditor, 24 retrieve, 25 Ironed, 26 Congrat, Down: 1 Spire, 2 Prime, 3 Assault, 4 Dear, 5 Iron, 6 Aviate, 7 Sillier, 10 tender, 14 Lure, 15 Tenders, 16 Metric, 17 Britain, 20 Atoner, 21 Bride, 22 Cite, 23 Evil.

THE IMPRESSIONISTS ARE BIG BUSINESS TODAY, BUT
BEHIND THE ROOM THERE IS A DELIBERATE CAMPAIGN

Is Any Modern Picture
Worth £104,000?

HOW does it come about that a man will buy something for four times more than it is worth? For that is what I believe is happening more and more in the sale rooms. Normally shrewd men have lately paid astonishing prices for French Impressionist paintings.

In Paris, Mr Basil Goulden, bidding against another Greek shipowner, Mr Stavros Niarchos, pays £104,000 for a Gauguin. In London there is a sale at Sotheby's of the paintings collected by the Dutch-born American millionaire William Weinberg.

Big rises

At this sale, Van Gogh's *Factories at Clichy*, which was sold in Berlin in 1928 for £1,800, fetched £31,000. A Renoir of a young woman in red went for £22,000. A flower painting by Frits Thoenes, sold for £245 in 1937, got £4,500.

Why do these French paintings fetch incredible prices while recently two delightful Fra Angelico panels, also sold at Sotheby's, realised only £7,000? It is due to a deliberate French campaign. Never has a group of painters been more ignored than the French Impressionists during their lifetime.

Not recognised

The critics belaboured them. The dealers rejected them. Their work brought them no profit. They died in penury.

But after their deaths the French woke to their possibilities. Here was a school of painters whose art was light and pleasant. There was a plentiful supply of their work and it could be bought cheaply.

The French set about selling the Impressionists with a zeal

by
Quentin Crewe

which would bring a glow to any advertising agency.

With skillful calculation they built up modern French painting until it became one of their greatest exports. Now they are reaping their reward and living off the painters whom they dishonoured during their lifetime. Today these artists have reached an inflated value which would make even Mr Thoenes roll his eyes.

Prestige

No other school of painting would make Mr Goulden and Mr Niarchos apparently lose their heads as they did over the Gauguin.

It is true they are rivals, true also that there is prestige in getting the best Gauguin to be perpetually jockeyed about and sprayed with salty air on your yacht. But this picture was sold only three years ago at Wildenstein's for £25,000. And without disrespect Wildenstein's is no bargain basement.

Nor would there have been such a general losing of heads had the Weinberg collection been of any other school.

For the Weinberg collection was not great. Perhaps only one of the paintings—the *Seurat*—

was worth what was paid for it. The truth is that Weinberg was not a good collector. He was not willing to pay the price for really good pictures. He bought the second-rate.

Big doubt

But the ballyhoo which surrounded the sale drove up the prices. I went to the viewing. There I found many people with puzzled faces. "Are these pictures really as good as they are supposed to be?" one bewildered man asked me.

They were not. But the salesmanship of France had done its work. The auction fetched £320,520—the highest total for 30 years.

My belief is that many of the buyers at the Weinberg sale will be sadly disappointed if they wish to sell their purchases in 10 years' time.

This is not the first craze for one school of painting that has swept the world. In the 1890's it was the Barbizon school. People paid thousands of pounds for Theodore Rousseau, Doubly and late Corot's, which would now barely be worth one-fourth of what was paid for them.

Discoveries

In Canada, caches of these artists are still found in out-of-the-way galleries bought by benefactors at the height of their fame.

In the 1920's, that most remarkable of all art dealers, Joseph Duveen, artificially inflated the price of English portraits. On the wall of the morning room of my home when I was young, hung four portraits by Reynolds—two of Mrs Crewe, one of her daughter and one of her son dressed as Henry VIII.

When Duveen was selling portraits, with slippery skill in American finances, these four pictures were worth at least £250,000. Their market value today would be hardly more than \$100,000 and most of that would be from the picture of the little boy.

When an obsession seizes the art market there are never enough of the best pictures to go round. Lesser works soar in price to make up the deficiency.

The best will always maintain their value, but even inflation will not protect the man who buys the second-rate.

—(London Express Service)

CRIME SHELF by Philip Oakes

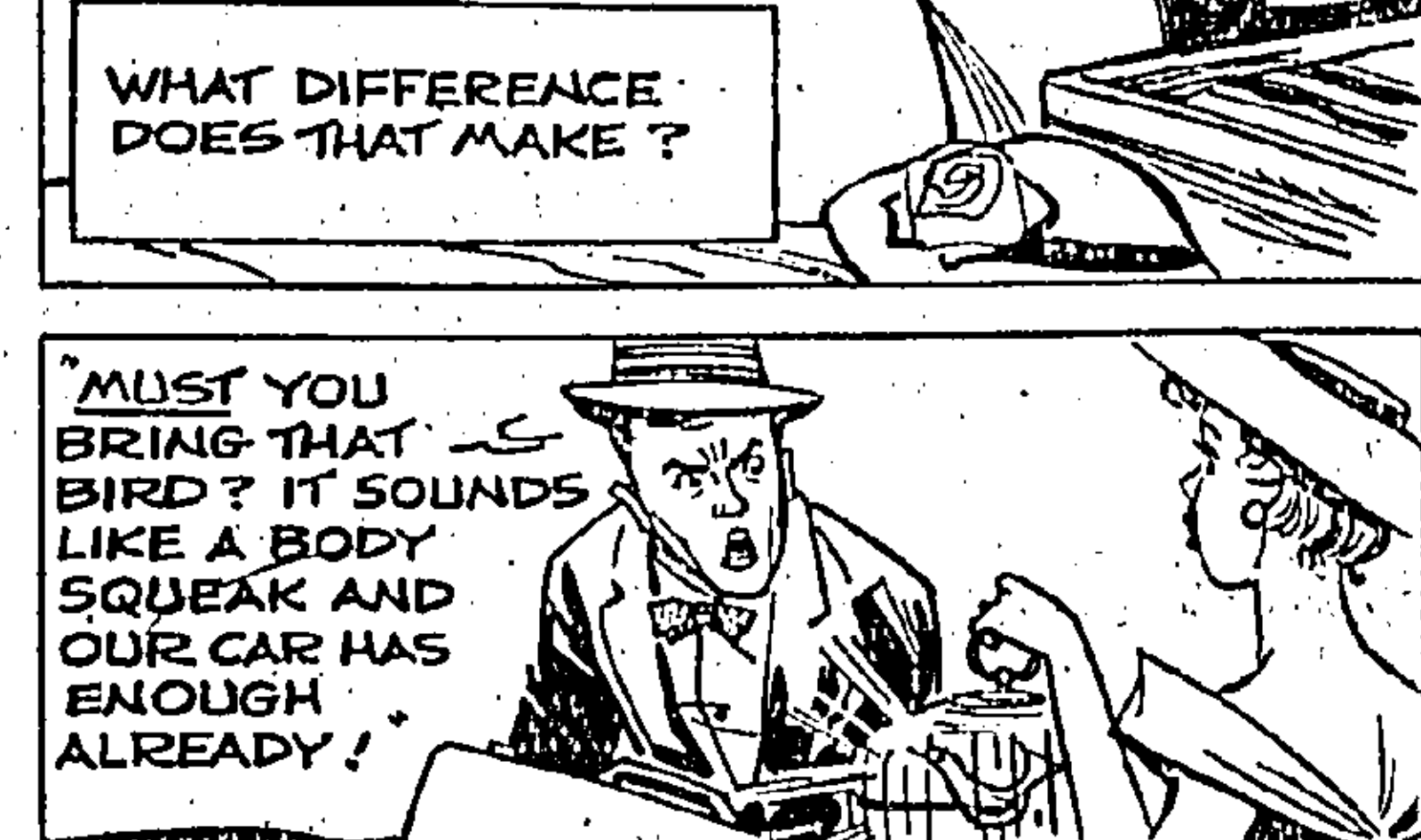
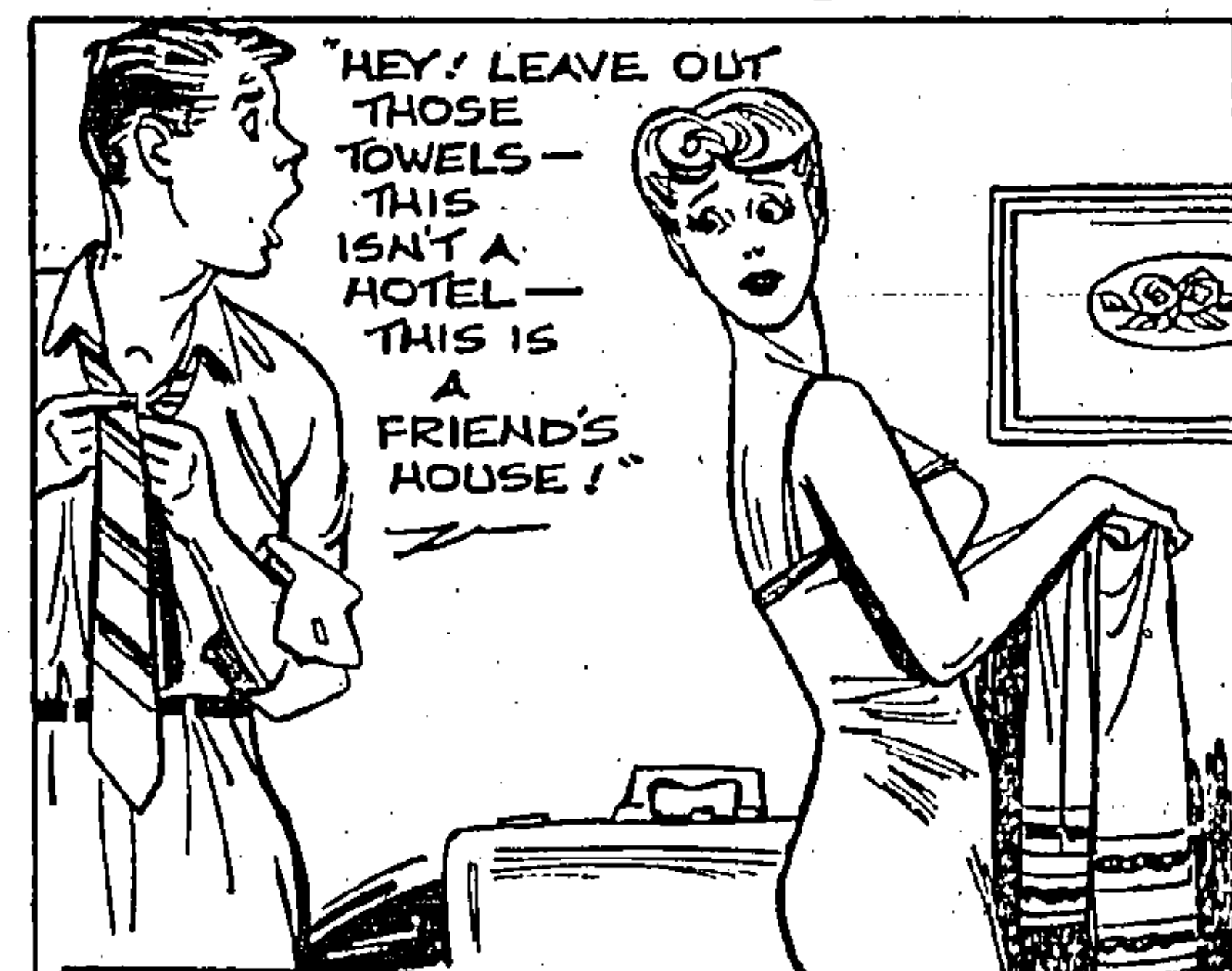
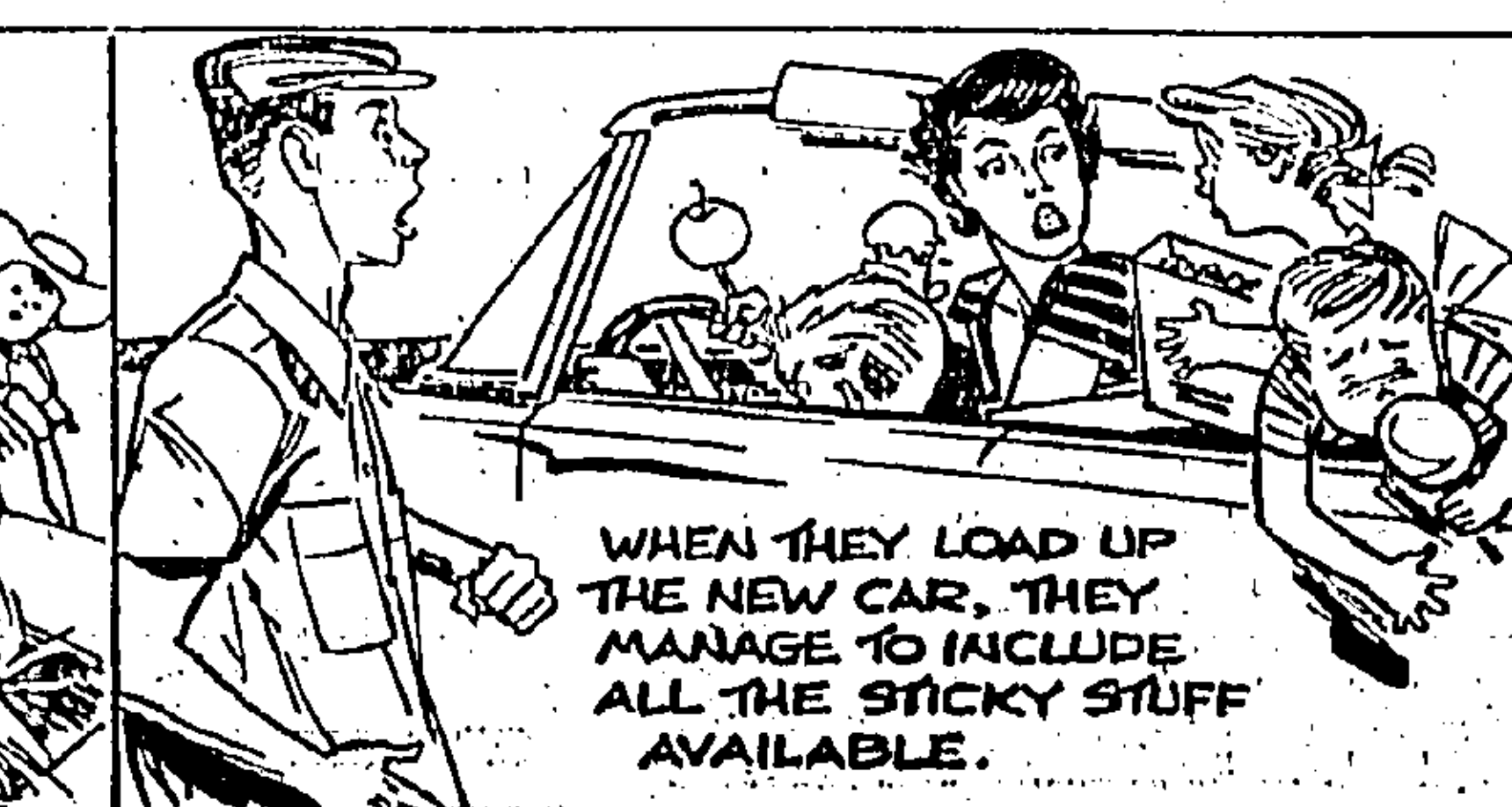
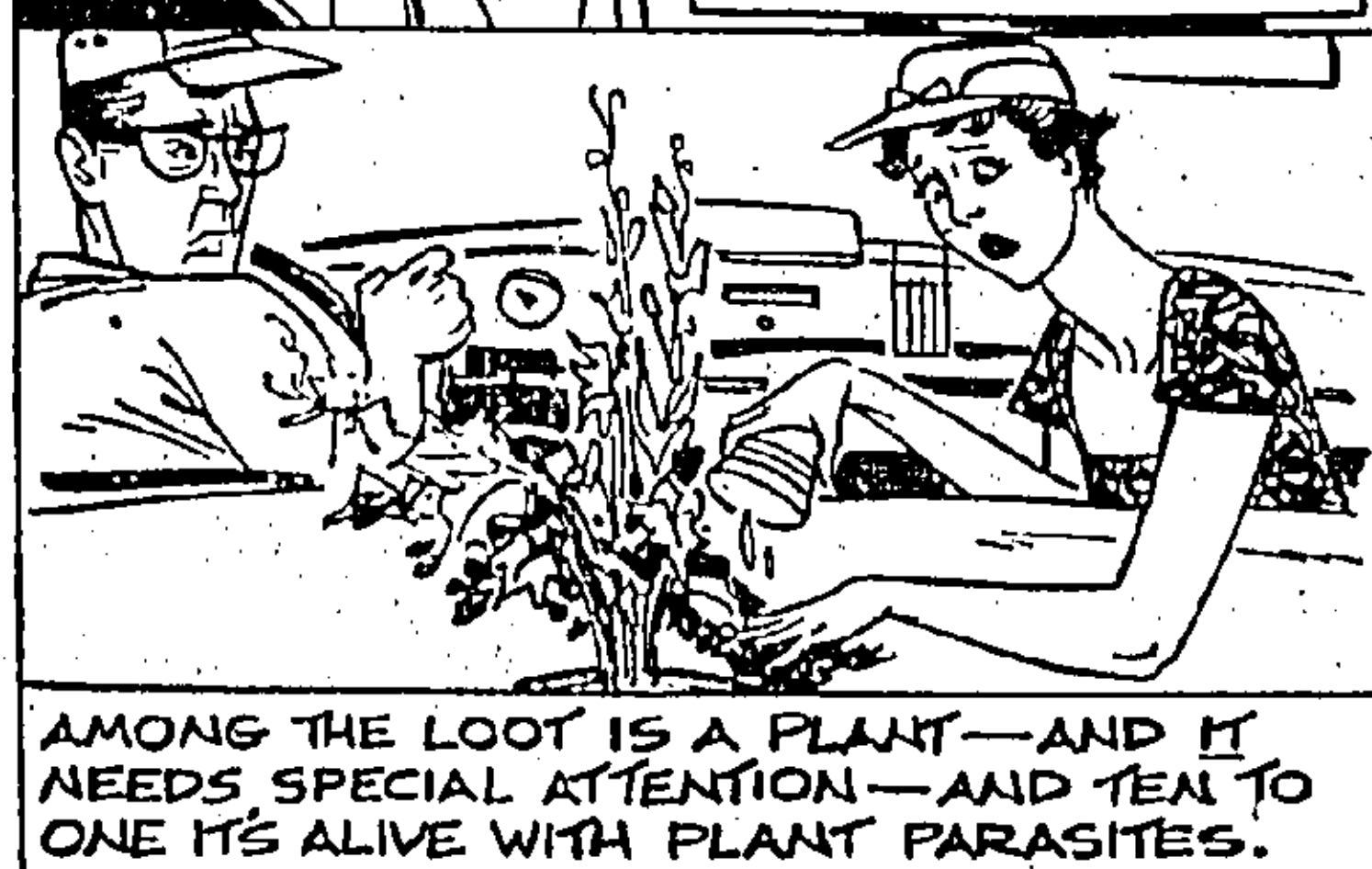
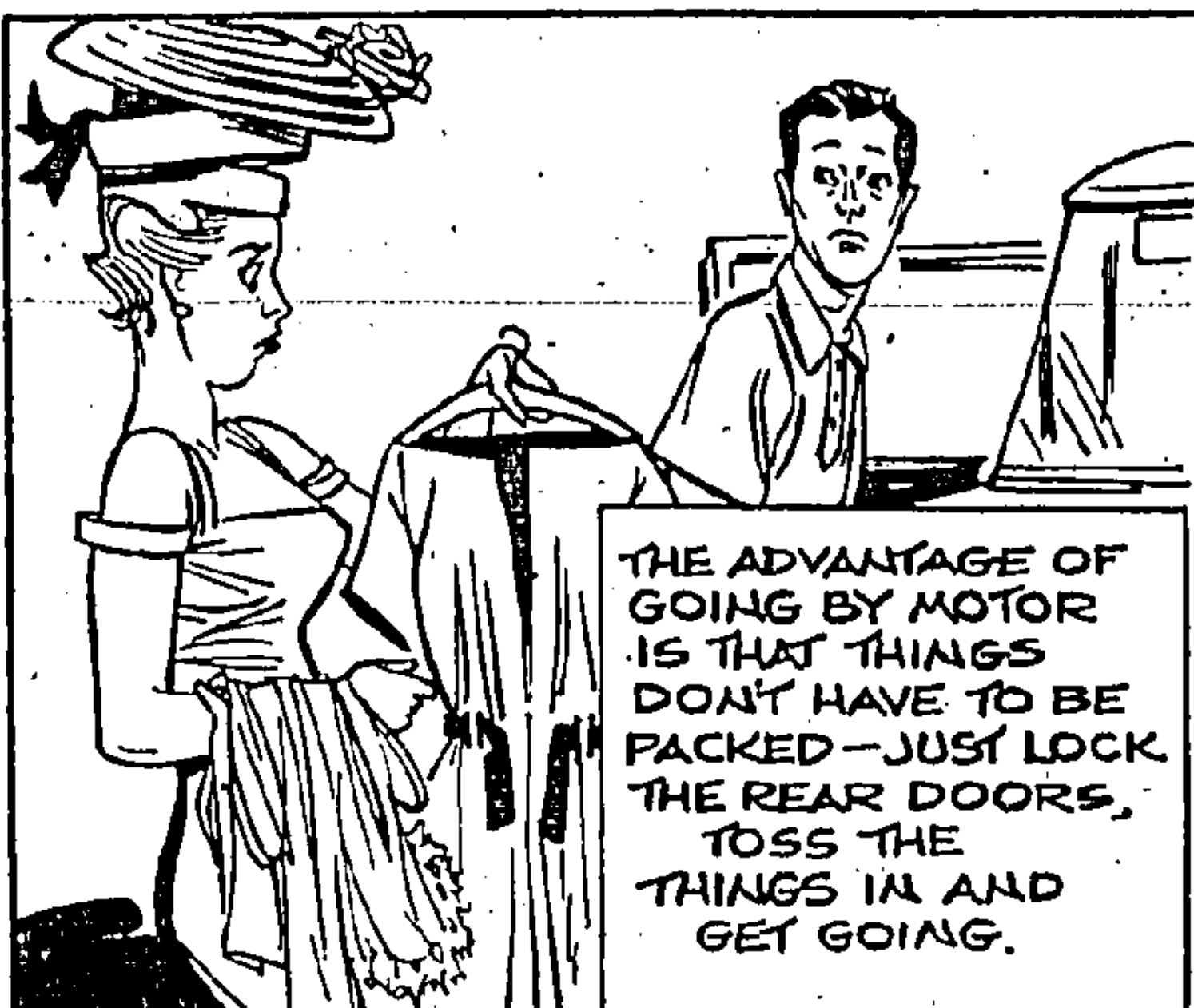
• **THE PRISONER.** By Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. Disquieting thriller about an escapee from a German prison camp, who impersonates his dead friend and ends up as a frightened fly in the grip of three female spiders. Smoothly mounting suspense and a fine translation by Geoffrey Sainsbury.

• **THE BRAVE BAD GIRLS.** By Thomas B. Dewey. Boardman. 10s. 6d. First-rate, Chandler-style thriller, with tough private eye standing firm against a witch-hunting millionaire ex-policewoman, and well-handled violence in the right places and proportions. Highly recommended.

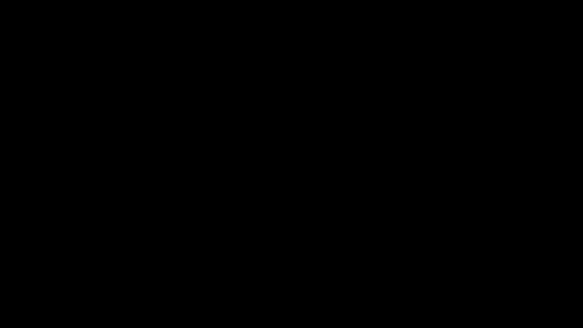
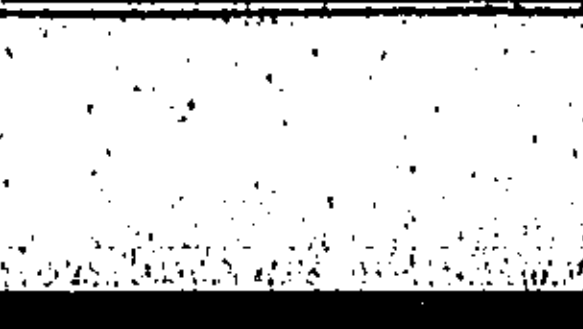
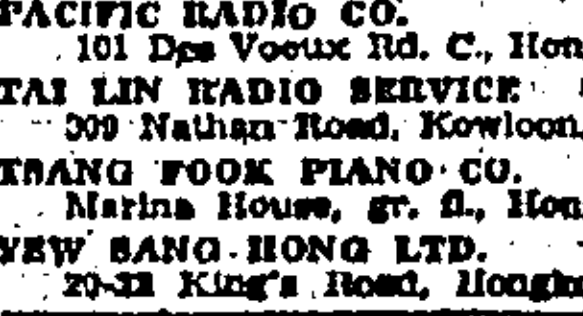
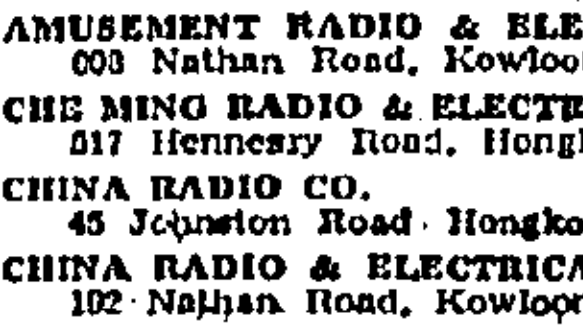
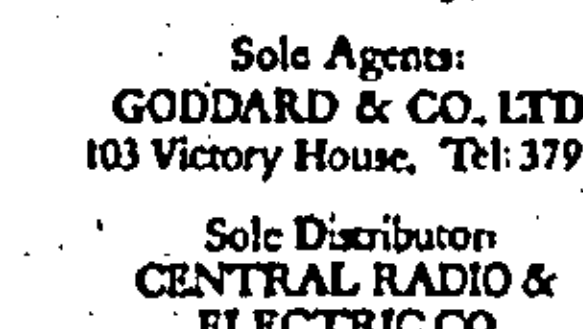
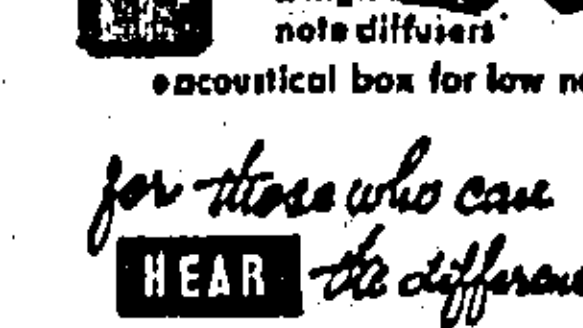
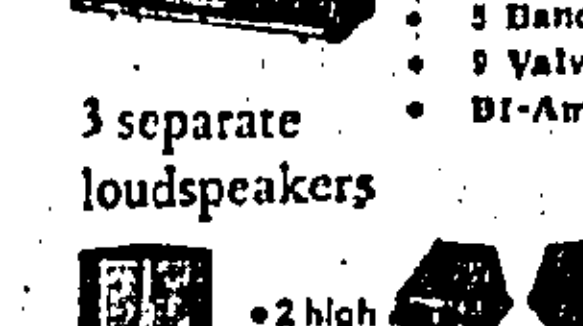
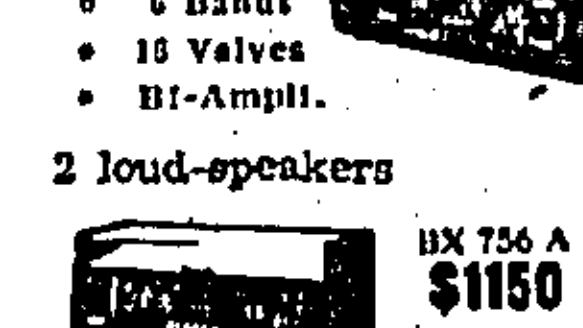
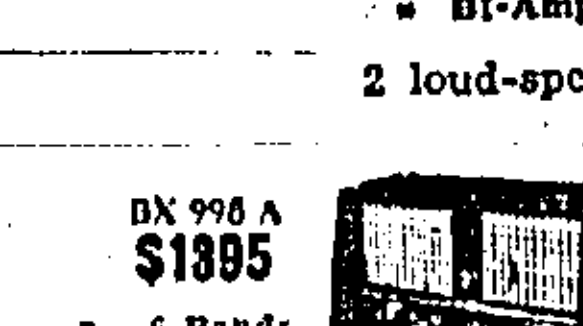
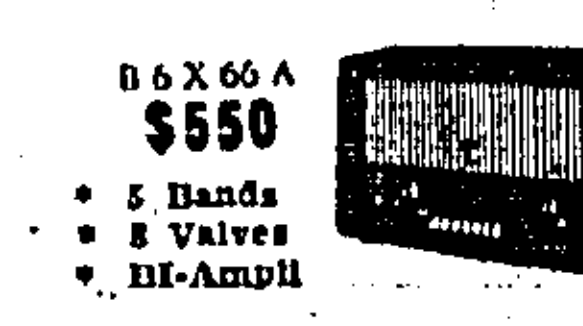
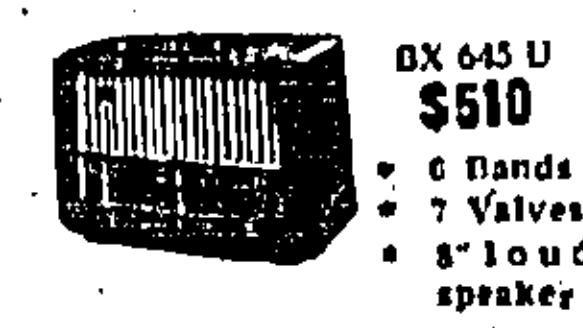
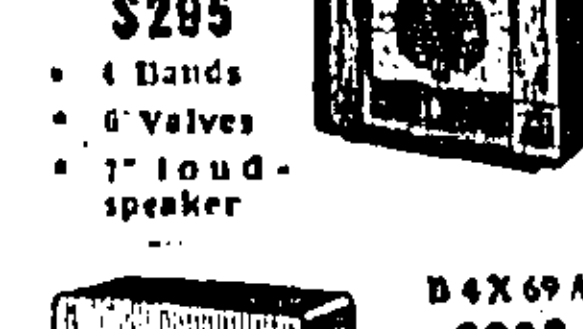
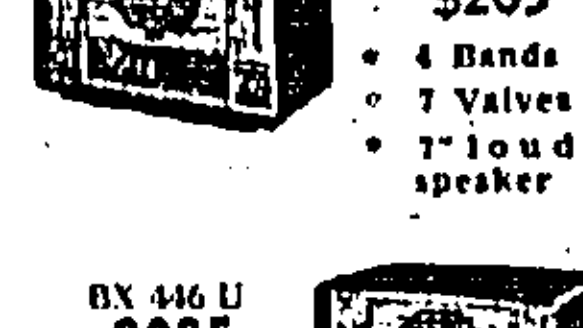
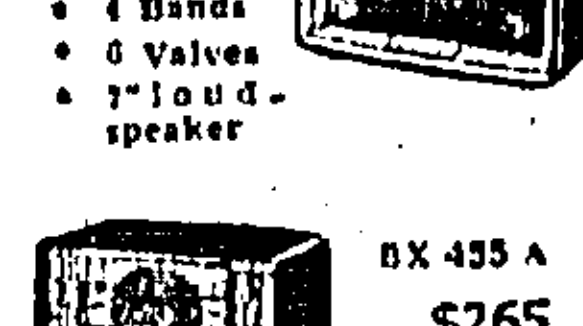
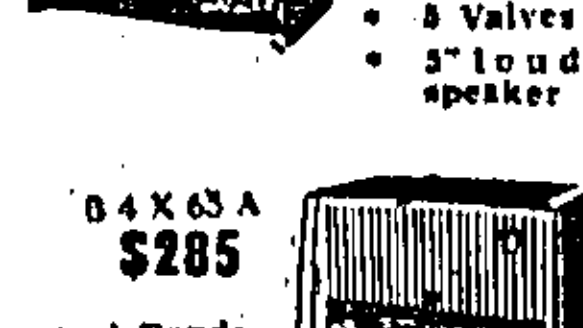
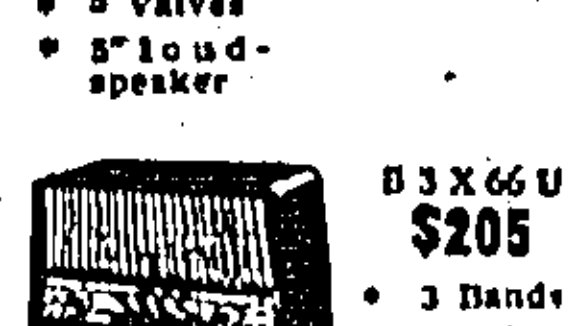
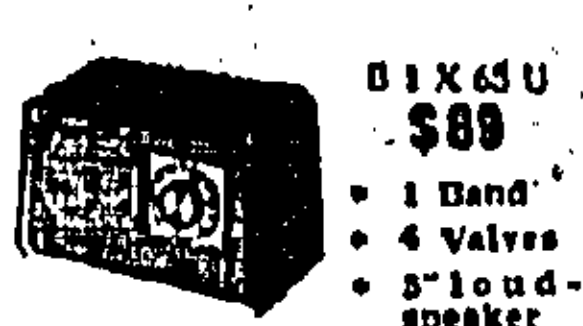
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Packing Up

By Harry Weinert

PHILIPS
RADIO

The only **DI-AMPLI**
made in the world



AN OPEN LETTER TO SOUTH CHINA FROM I. M. MacTAVISH

McDonald Can Help Brentford Out Of Division Four

Says BERNARD JOY

Can shrewd, philosophical manager Malcolm McDonald bring to Brentford the success it touched with which he transformed Scottish club Kilmarnock?

Circumstances tempt the question. Kilmarnock were fourth from the bottom of the Scottish Second Division when McDonald, a former Kilmarnock player, became manager in 1950 after four years with Brentford. They were in the red financially, and he knew little about the players.

After seven years' absence, McDonald returned to Griffin Park to find Brentford also in a grade lower than they should be, heavily in debt, and he has seen only two players, Ken Coot and Eric Parsons, in League action.

HIGHEST PLACE

He lifted Kilmarnock into the Scottish First Division in less than four years. Last season they were third—their highest position—were runners-up in the Scottish Cup, and they made a profit of £11,500.

I have known McDonald as a player, coach, trainer and now manager. Iron-grey-haired, tanned and brown-eyed, he is slow to talk and smile. He impresses with his solid grasp of soccer essentials, discipline and unflinching temper.

I have no doubt that he will be successful at Griffin Park, but he needs time, and time he does not possess.

Looming over this season is the spectre of the Fourth Division. It would be a disaster if Griffin Park, which is still good enough for First Division football, grew only the minnows of the Fourth Division when the two Third sections are reorganised next year.

McDonald needs time, because Brentford had only three points to spare from finishing in the bottom half of the Southern Section in May, because he and new trainer Fred Monk cannot yet size up their own team; because Brentford have lost experienced men Wally Bangs, Jeff Taylor, Sid Tickridge and Terry Robinson.

Monk will be a great help in the fight for survival because he was an intelligent footballer, at either right-back or centre-

forward, during his playing days for Brentford and Aldershot. Inside-right Johnny Rainford and upstanding right-half George Bristow, who managed only 23 League games between them last season, may be two of the key players.

Rainford has the command of the ball and tactical experience which an inside-forward requires, but often ensnares himself in long dribbles. Bristow, who was hindered by a thigh injury earlier this year, must harness his love of attack to the need to keep close to the inside forward he is marking.

With thoughtful, constructive Tom Wilson, who comes from Fulham on a free transfer, at right-back, the defence could be welded into a solid shield behind Gerald Cakebread in goal, provided the backs cover the middle instead of concentrating on the wingers.

LIMITED

As resources are limited—there are 20 full-time professionals—positional experiments are inevitable.

One is at outside-left, where only Billy Bloomfield, 17-year-old brother of Arsenal's Jimmy Bloomfield, can claim to be a natural left-winger. Even he prefers to be inside.

My forecast is that Brentford will scrape into the new Third Division next year, with two or three places in hand. Looking further ahead, I say that they could be back in the Second Division by 1960.

(London Express Service).
(Copyright)

SPORTS QUIZ

- Who won the World Heavyweight boxing title from Jess Willard and later lost it to Gene Tunney?
- What happens if a felder takes a catch in his cricket cap?
- What is the name of the boat in which Mr. Donald Campbell established the present world's water speed record?
- In which game can a knight attack a castle?
- How many points are these worth—(a) a try in rugby (b) a blue ball in snooker (c) a bull in darts?
- Who is the holder of the world long jump record?
- For which English county did cricketers W. G. Grace, G. L. Jessop and W. R. Hammond play?
- With which sports do you associate—(a) The Brooklyn Dodgers; (b) The Cresta Run?
- Which famous American tennis star was known as "Foxy Face"?
- A world champion swimmer took the part of Tarzan in American film? Name, please.

(Answers see Page 17)

SLOW PACED

Aston Villa, Cupholders, were unseated at cricket until they met Wednesday. With an over to go Wednesday required 30 runs to win. Villa captain, manager, Eric Houghton, thought it was a safe draw so he threw the ball to Derek Face for that last over. Face, the centre forward who played in every game of Villa's successful Cupples last season except the final, is no bowler, however, and Wednesday actually got those 30 runs as follows: 00.0.0.0.

... And Other Matters

Gentlemen,

Football is the greatest game in the world, and while many virile minorities may challenge that statement, there is little doubt that in any universal poll it would leave all the others trailing far behind. It is certainly Hongkong's most popular sport.

Its greatness, its sustained popularity, and its appeal to the masses of the world are due to the fact that it is a man's game... played by men... yet retaining a sufficient degree of basic simplicity to make it relatively easy to understand.

Today it forms one of the strongest common bonds between nations and between communities whose habits and customs are as dissimilar as their football pitches are alike. And yet, strangely enough, football can from time to time stir up dissension and even bitterness... particularly when—as sometimes happens in the heat of a vital game—the rules are transgressed.

A few years ago the manager of a famous British club was asked why his side had finished at the foot of the League and had in consequence been relegated to the Second Division.

His reply was a classic. He said "My men were as big, as strong, and as tough as any in the competition... but my directors and I steadfastly refused to allow them to join in any brutal battles for League survival. Relegation is the penalty we are having to pay for our self respect... but we have not lost faith in good honest football. We shall be back in the First Division next season." And so they were.

NOT ONLY THE LETTER

Maybe you are wondering what all this has to do with you. I'll tell you... and stress that this is purely a personal opinion. You may not agree.

During part of last season and already in the two games in which your team has been engaged since their return to the Colony there have been instances when some of your players have infringed not only the letter but the whole spirit of the rules. Sometimes these infringements have been noted and penalised by the referee, but on many other occasions they have escaped the attention of the man with the whistle.

Even if they did not pass unnoticed as far as the unfortunate opponents and trained observers were concerned.

Your club is too great to be cheapened like this. Loyalty and enthusiasm among players and their desire to give everything they have to their side are laudable virtues. I provided what they have to give is within the bounds of all that the game stands for.

One or two of your players are being up an unfortunate reputation for themselves and when one sees them being sternly spoken to by the referee for their crude behaviour in a Charity game when there is absolutely nothing at stake, one can only wonder what might happen when the real pressure of League and Shield football comes around again in a few weeks time.

South China has remained in the forefront of Colony football down through the years because they have played—whatever the cost—good, honest, wholesome football. If there should be any relaxation of club principles... or any deterioration of the code of conduct by players... then a fall from football eminence could very well follow. That would be a tragedy.

In the ten years since I first had the pleasure of seeing your team in action I have been a steadfast admirer of your organisation. Even in recent years, when many of my personal efforts were directed towards the beating of your representatives, I never lost that admiration.

In common with many others I deplore the present trends. I hope sincerely that it is merely a passing phase which will be eliminated by the traditional discipline of your grand old club.

Yours in sport,

I. M. MacTAVISH

A new menace has recently made an appearance in our midst... He is a character with

a strangely warped sense of humour who seems to take special delight on a Saturday evening in passing on inaccurate information to legitimate enquirers for the closing score in the Colony's various lawn bowls matches.

The queer thing is that this "individual" has no permanent home and seems to turn up at the end of different telephone lines from time to time.

After a few drinks at the finish of a long tiring afternoon such an act may seem very funny to the perpetrator... although I know that one of the senior officials of one of our oldest clubs was seriously perturbed when he overheard a club member deliberately passing on erroneous information of this nature a few weeks ago, and I believe the League reached the committee table before it was finally allowed to rest.

The Colony press and broadcasting stations try hard to keep the public up-to-date with the latest news about our sporting activities. They deserve the co-operation and the simple courtesy of correct information when they take the trouble to telephone for it... or, alternatively, if the person who receives the call does not in fact have the required information—or is unwilling to get it—then at least he could do the caller the common courtesy of saying so. To give him a completely distorted result is the cheapest of cheap humour.

This annoying wrong-result trait took on a new significance last week-end when the score in a vital game was distorted to such an extent that it actually changed the whole aspect of the Second Division Championship. Players and supporters were left with a completely wrong impression of how the season's competition had worked out, and all because of a warped sense of humour... and I KNOW that that is so because I was one of those callers who were assured that what turned out to be the WRONG result was RIGHT.

Sportsmanship stretches beyond the touchline... the bounciness... or the dirty round the green. What a pity it doesn't always stretch as far as the end of the club telephone line!

Don't be fooled by the present apparent quiet on the Colony's football front and don't let the lull in spicy news coax you into believing that all is peaceful in soccerdom.

believe me, nothing could be further from the truth. One who has his ear close to the ground tells me that things are slowly rumbling up to bursting point... and I tell you that at this very moment the officials of one of our biggest clubs are desperately concerned about whether or not they are going to be able to retain their star players for the incoming season.

In fact, the other evening one of the senior officials of the club told me that half a dozen of the biggest names on their books had so far flatly refused to put pen to paper at the time of our conversation. It was admitted that only four or five of the club's 'name' players had resigned.

Let me repeat something I wrote in this column several months ago... the Colony players are not going to accept planned reforms lightly... I can now see the clubs are finding it out the hard way. They have no one but themselves to blame.

As they say away out West... things are mighty interesting, but it is my considered opinion that the really interesting time will come when Kitchener and Eastern get

back from their present sojourn in Malaya. Then rifle rumours may become firm facts.

What is going on is no credit to so-called amateur football and so-called amateur footballers... but it is the inevitable culmination of what has been officially tolerated for years. There are those who believe there may be a real showdown just ahead. That could be the greatest thing that has happened here in years.

Nearest Yet To Hammond's Record

Strange that Wally Hammond's 78 catches in the 1928 season has remained a record so long while so many other cricket records have been beaten.

The best holder's total since 1928 was John Langridge's 69 two years ago. Now Surrey's Mickey Stewart has made 74.

It was at Eltham that Hammond took most of his catches. The great left-hand spinner Charles Parker was his chief "feeder" but there were times when Tom Goddard, the off-spinner, used to provide him with many trifles across the way.

Stewart is rather different. He fields at short leg and has neither the height or reach of Hammond. But I think he is more agile in throwing himself about to catch the impossible than Hammond ever was.

Hammond's record excludes wicket-keepers. The top wicket-keeper is Leslie Ames, who in 1929 caught 72 and stumped 43. The 127 victims marked record and so do the 79 catches.

With the retirement this season of Warwickshire's leg spinner, Doug Wright of Kent becomes the most senior first-class cricketer in England. Holmes, who has taken far more wickets (2,315) than he has scored runs, entered first-class cricket 25 years ago. Wright was also a beginner that year.

Next in seniority are Cyril Washbrook (1933); Bill Edrich (1934); and Wilf Woollier (1935).

ODD GIRL OUT

Sixty Russian athletes, given £10 each to spend on a visit to London, entered Oxford Street stores to buy some English clothes. Out came 69 happily clutching parcels.

Odd girl out was shot-putter Tamara Tyshkevitch. She still has her £10 in her pocket. Tamara could find nothing in her size. She weighs 17 stone. Her vital statistics are 48, 30, 48. So she dipped into her pocket-money to buy a good meal.

Here's one answer for wives of boxers who get tired of sitting at the ring-side: step into the ring yourself.

One woman who has done just that is Mrs. Margaretta Sjölin, wife of Swedish Olympic boxing champion Sig Sjölin. She has become an official boxing referee.

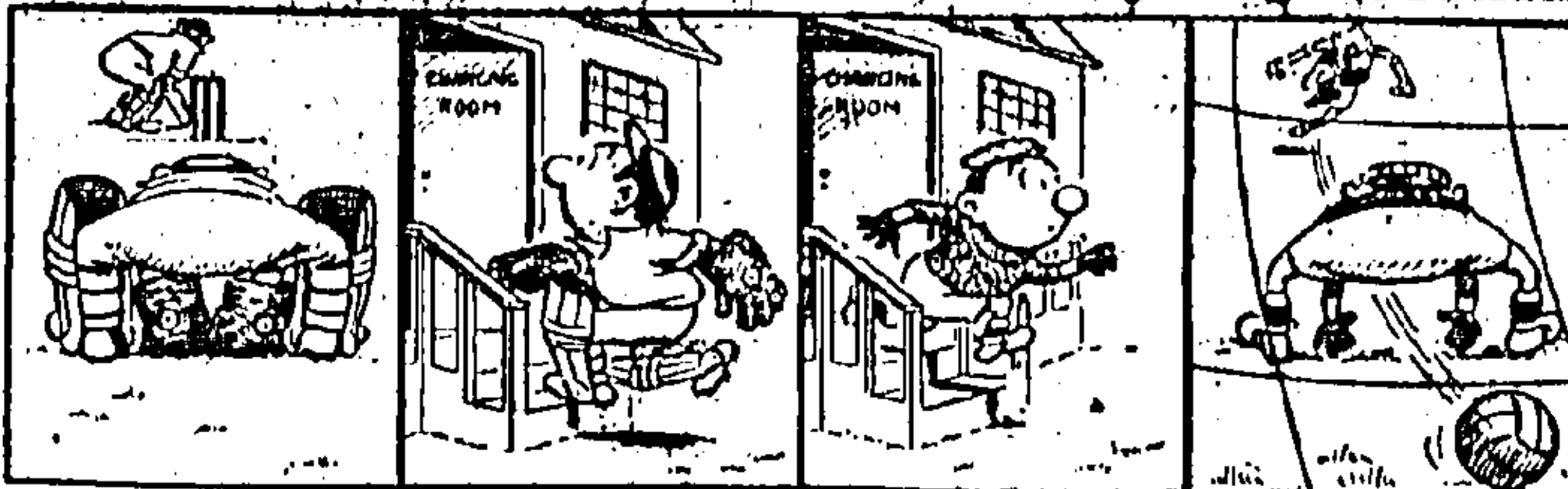
Mrs. Sjölin, mother of three children, is the first woman to qualify for this position in Sweden. She gained plenty of experience by watching more than 100 fights, keeping a score card on each; then she took a training course and gained her certificate.

Mrs. Sjölin thinks boxing is no more dangerous than other sports.

(London Express Service).
(Copyright)

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



Goal Average Is Going To Be The Big Factor This Soccer Season

Says ARCHIE QUICK

The going is tough in the two Sections of the Third Divisions of the Football League this season; tougher than ever before. Already two players have been sent off before the 1957-58 season is a week old, four have had their names taken and there have been five stretcher cases—one broken leg, one dislocated elbow and three concussions!

Let me recall. At the end of this season the top team in either section will go into the Second Division as usual. The two bottom teams of Division Two, plus the second to twelfth clubs in both sections will then form the new Division Three and the two sets of clubs in the thirteenth to twenty-fourth positions will constitute the Fourth Division.

It is going to be the survival of the fittest, and what a scramble it is already proving to be. I have seen only one match—that between Brighton and Bournemouth—and for two of the better class Third Division eleven they put up a display which clearly showed that only goals matter. Cultured football for the paying public is a secondary matter.

Goal average is going to be the big factor this season. Clubs struggling next April in the middle of the tables will probably have their fates decided by fractions of a goal. More often than not there is a bunch of clubs in the, say, tenth to fifteenth positions with the same number of points. Therefore, goals being scored now in August will count so importantly at the final reckoning next May.

GOAL AVERAGE

For instance, last season Newport County (twelfth), Reading (thirteenth) and Northampton (fourteenth) each ended with 45 points in the Southern Section. Rochdale and Scunthorpe, in the seesaw positions in the Northern Section, had 48 points. The import of goal average is thus clearly demonstrated.

And one of the ironies of soccer is that last season Southend and United went nine games before scoring a victory whereas this season they have maximum points from their first two games and ten goals scored—the finest total in the land. Those ten goals in August could easily have been scored in the first two games next May! No wonder, therefore, that everything is being sacrificed to getting the ball into the net. In the game I saw no one would have recognised in Brighton and Bournemouth two teams who played such good football a year ago.

So Denis Compton has played his last match as a professional for Middlesex. There was deep nostalgia at Lords when the Gay Cavalier of the wicket went out to bat against Worcestershire, and he was cheered all the way

to the wicket. Denis responded in characteristic fashion by hitting 143. So unlike the last innings of Sir Donald Bradman at the Oval when he was out second ball for a "duck" after receiving a similar ovation.

With a high sense of the dramatic Compton acted his part in the final curtain to the misery of Worcester's overworked bowlers. It was an innings I would have been honoured to have witnessed and I shall always regret that I missed it.

He played, so I am told, with the carefree abandon and unorthodoxy of the days when he had kneecaps and a more slender waistline. The on-drives off the back foot, the sweeps to leg which are his own copy-right and the cover drive were all there executed in his inimitable style. Pity was that Bill Edrich—playing his last game as Middlesex captain—did not fill the old prolific run-getting role which he had so gloriously filled. They were together for a brief period, but Edrich was bowled for nine, and it was Jack Robertson who partnered Denis for most of the glorious while. He took a few too, and the pair of them must have remembered how a quarter of a century ago on the same Lords ground they sold score cards "on commission."

The strange thing is, and it is not generally known, that when I first met these two they were professional outside lefts. Compton had gone from Hendon to Arsenal and Edrich moved from Norwich City to Spurs. Also not well known is the fact that Wally Hammond, that great batsman, was also a professional outside left—with Briston Rovers. To follow the coincidence, Edrich and Hammond both reverted to amateur status, and Compton will do so if he ever plays first class cricket again.

OCCASIONAL GAME

When Hendren and Hearn finished their careers Compton and Edrich took over, and now their spilt of limelight has faded. Both of them say they will play the occasional game for the county—Denis as an amateur—but the Worcester match marked the end of an era. An era which has been beneficial both to England and Middlesex, and has given so much pleasure to true cricket lovers the world over.

There is a small 13-year-old Hove boy who is cricket mad. He follows the Sussex team in all their home games, and the last time I saw him he had got

Robin Marlar behind one of the Eastbourne sight screens teaching him how to bowl leg breaks.

There is no end to the lad's ingenuity, for at Worthing he made another capture, this time 78-year-old George Gurn, the former England opening batsman—watching his native Nottinghamshire play Sussex, the county of his residence. It was indeed an experience to watch this grand old man bowling to the Hove schoolboy behind the Worthing pavilion. "He can bowl a genuine leg break even now," said George.

Looking on with me was a fine collection of former sporting stars—Arthur Gilligan, the ex-England captain, Adrian Daggart and Norman Creek, the former Corinthian footballer of the palmy amateur days of the middle 'twenties, and Russell Wainwright, inside forward with Leeds, Barnsley, Leicester and Hull. He is now a Worthing publican.

INJURED THUMB

The Sussex innings was notable for two fine performances by Jim Parkes (who has got back into England's Test team) and Don Smith (who narrowly missed being picked). They were racing each other for the 2,000 runs mark, and both looked infinitely superior on the day. But then, as the innings progressed, Don Smith's leg was injured, and he was, however, hampered by an injured thumb.

Gunn was not the only Nottinghamshire batsman to be injured. Sussex's link present for also on hand to proudly watch his son perform was old Jim Parkes, now the Nottinghamshire coach and the only cricketer ever to score 3,000 runs and take 100 wickets in a season. Of young Jim, Gunn said: "Lucky England to be able to do without him. He and Tom Graveney are the best stroke makers in the country."

Bruce Doolland, the South Australian, was captaining Nottingham for the first time, and he told me that the news that he was returning to England's Test team and had resulted in his benefit reaching "little more than £2,000." After all the benefit is for past services, not what I am going to do, and I have been five years at Trent Bridge. I am going home to get my boys educated there, and I am going to try to make the Australian team against England next year. Goodness! It is a ready-made all-rounder to follow me at Nottingham."

Doolland was the first man to complete the "double" this summer.

A GOOD IDEA

London District of the Army has hit upon a good idea. A week's course is to be held at Woolwich to train unit officers in the use of the "double" at all times of the day. The course will include a study of the "double" in its various guises, timekeeping, and a study of the "double" in its various guises. Students will have the opportunity of putting their knowledge into practice at the Army Trials which are being held simultaneously with the course. The course will be held at Woolwich, and the "double" will be used in all its guises.

trim
and
THIN

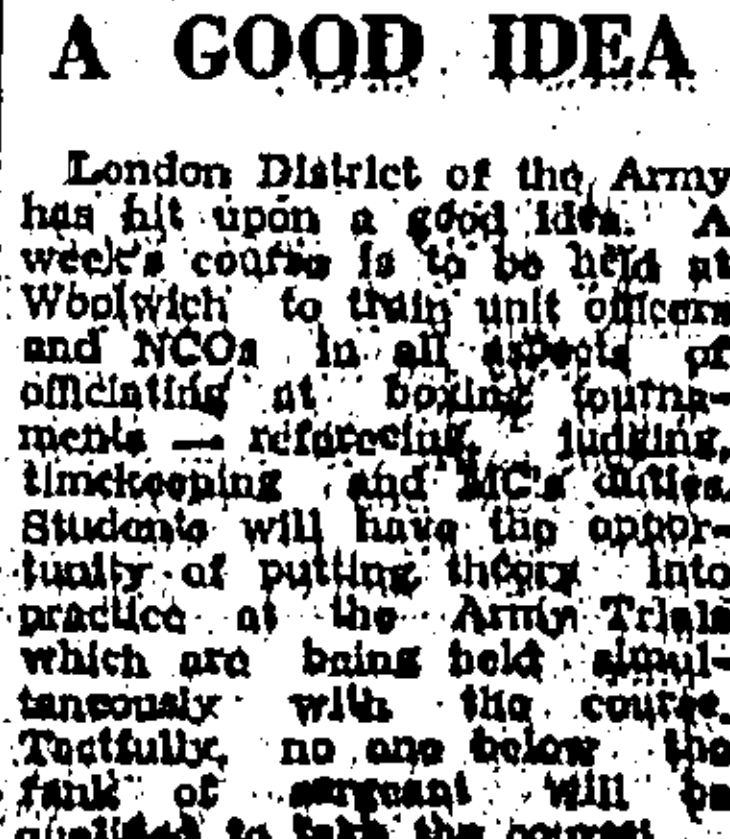
Pioneer

First in fashion!
Pioneer's lighter-
looking, color-
looking hair
style—a trim, thin line to
circle your cheeks in color.
Put this hair in your wardrobe
today!

POP

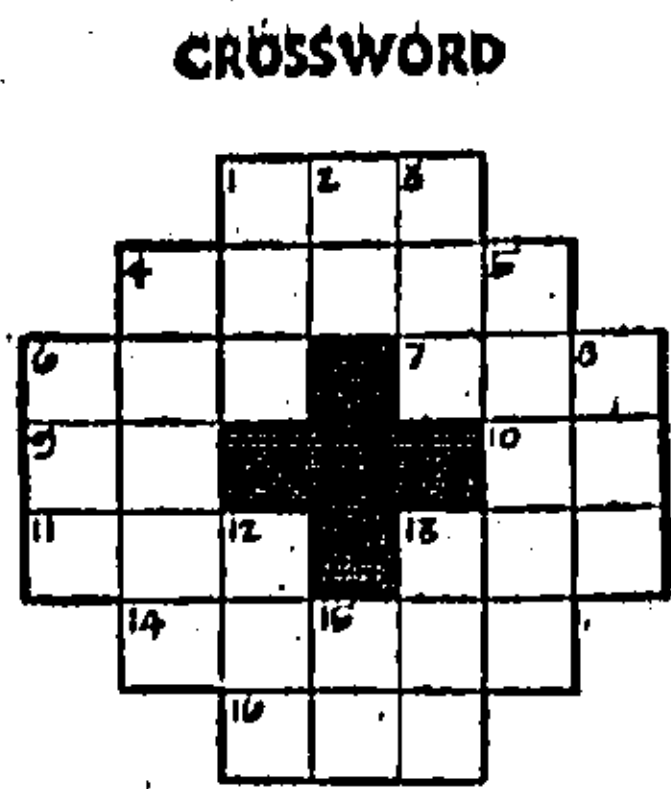


Witticombe fair



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER



ACROSS

- Read chart
- Fortification
- Marsh
- Boy's nickname
- Preposition
- Titus
- Used to catch fish
- Consumed
- Sidelong looks
- Exist
- Compass point

DOWN

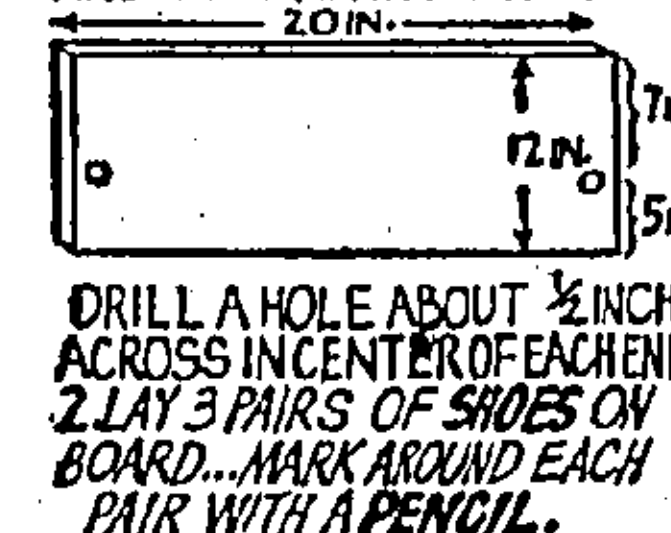
- Males
- Paid notice in a newspaper
- Light touch
- Drive off
- Birds' homes
- Amusement
- Female deer
- Golf mound
- Exist
- Printer's measure

ADD-A-LETTER

To "an Italian river" add a letter and have "an American writer"; add another letter and have "a skin opening"; one more and have "pondered".

HOW TO MAKE A SHOE RACK

- FIND A BOARD ABOUT 20 INCHES LONG 12 INCHES WIDE AND 3/4 OF AN INCH THICK...



3. FASTEN ONE END OF A CLOTHESLINE ROPE (5 FT. LONG) TO BACK WITH WIRE STAPLES.

4. PUT FREE END THROUGH HOLE, TURN BOARD OVER AND PUT FIRST SHOE IN ITS PLACE.



5. WRAP ROPE OVER THE TOE AND STAPLE ROPE TO BOARD. REPEAT WITH OTHER SHOES UNTIL ALL HAVE BEEN HUNG.

6. PUT ROPE THROUGH OTHER HOLE AND STAPLE TO BACK IN ANOTHER SMALL LOOP.

HANG YOUR RACK ON A WALL!



401015-1110

FIGHTING GIRAFFES SWING THEIR LONG NECKS LIKE BASEBALL BATS IN AN EFFORT TO KNOCK EACH OTHER OFF BALANCE.

CAMEL HAIR BRUSHES MOSTLY ARE MADE OF HAIR FROM THE TAILS OF SQUIRRELS.



MOUNTING OR CAPTURING OF PRECIOUS IS FORBIDDEN IN ALL NATIONAL PARKS.

ARKIANA WILL DIG UP A NEST OF YELLOW-JACKET WITH ITS SHARP CLAWS AND BAT THE CRUICK FOR THE INSECTS ARE A STAPLE IN ITS DIET.

TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster has hung his triangle from ADORERS. The second word is "glivers"; third "strong vegetable"; fourth "house top"; fifth "a sea eagle"; and sixth an abbreviation for "right side."

ADORERS

DORERS

ERS

"TILE" WORK

Each word ends in TILE. Can you finish them from the definitions given?

- TILE (fruitful)
- TILE (steps over a fence)
- TILE (Christian)
- TILE (snake)
- TILE (woven fabric)

WACKY COMPASS

START AT NORTH AND READ EVERY THIRD LETTER. YOU DECIDE WHETHER TO FIND PUZZLE OR PETE'S PROVERB.

COLOURLESS TO COLOURFUL

Make these colourless statements colourful by adding the right colour to each:

- "Snow" — Sails in the Sunset
- "Mood" — Danube Waltz
- "Eyes" — Why Are You
- "How" — Was My Valley

(Solutions on Page 19)

Doll-collectors Include Famous Names

DOLLS are not mere playthings for children. They are prized highly by kings and queens and other prominent persons.

Our Indians use dolls or "fetishes" in their religious dances for rain or when giving thanks.

In Aztec ruins, dolls dating to 1,000 B.C. were unearthed. Some were made of wood, stone, alabaster, gold and silver. The girl dolls were gold, the boy dolls silver.

When Cortez went into Mexico, he found Montezuma and his courtiers playing with jewel-studded dolls.

PUPPET SHOWS IN ANCIENT GREECE

Puppet dolls are very old. In the third century B.C. Aristotle and Plato enjoyed attending a puppet show. These were two of the world's most highly educated men.

Before fashion magazines were thought of, dolls were used to display the styles of the times. About 1850 the fashion designers dressed exquisite wax dolls in their latest creations, even to their undergarments and hair styles. These were sent to

SPORTS have always been an important part of our life. As early as 776 B.C. Olympic games were held in front of the temples because they were part of a religious ceremony. Even after a funeral, athletes would perform.

Most of our games are played with a ball. The Greek poet, Homer, refers to ball playing. Handball was the first simple game played by the early Egyptians. From this eventually came baseball. This game was first known in England as rounders. Baseball was not introduced into America until the last century.

Today if you saw grownups playing cupball you would say, "What's the deal?" It is played with a device somewhat like an egg cup with a ball on a string. You throw the ball and catch it in the cup.

In the time of Henry III of France, however, the king and his courtiers enjoyed this pastime.

All countries play this game today. Credit should be given not only to the human players, but also to the alert, marvelous horses.

A great favourite game today is tennis. It was first played in the Byzantine Empire; was later introduced into England and France.

A very old and now universal game, is golf. It is thought to have originated in Holland. The name has been spelled in many ways, golf, gaul, gowd, and kolf. The latter is a Dutch word meaning club.

The Belgians were playing golf in 1300. It became popular later in Scotland and England. King Henry V and his daughter Mary Stuart were enthusiasts of this sport. When Charles I became a prisoner, he was permitted to play golf.

Americans began playing golf in the 18th century. Do you know what is called "the game of kings"? Polo was so called because in the beginning only royalty and wealthy persons could indulge in this sport.

Ladies on jewelled saddles played polo on donkeys in China long ago. It was the favourite game of the Tang Dynasty (618-907 A.D.).

man digging a deep well. Authorities believe this to be a relic of the Ice Age, when the American continent was covered with ice.

Many people find collecting dolls a most interesting hobby.

Queen Victoria had 130 dolls representing well-known persons. In the New York Museum you can see dolls representing Queen Victoria and her husband Albert. Their costumes are actually made of the material from their wedding clothes.

QUEEN MARY'S DOLL HOUSE

Queen Mary (grandmother of Queen Elizabeth II) sent her magnificent doll house to America in 1927. It was peopled with miniature dolls and furnished gorgeously. The proceeds from the exhibition aided crippled children.

HOW IT ALL STARTED...

SIGNALS

THE EARLY GREEKS AND ROMANS PLAYED A GAME SIMILAR TO OUR FOOTBALL.

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There was once an emperor who would not let the weather ruin his pleasure. After a rain, he would have the grounds covered with an oilcloth and sand. At night lighted candles would illuminate the grounds.

During the middle ages, bowling was played outdoors on a green. About 1840 it was brought indoors. Both Germany and England claim to be the first to play this game.

The origin of billiards is not known, but it was played by the Greeks in 400 B.C. and by the ancient Chinese. We can read of the famous Egyptian Queen Cleopatra enjoying billiards.

Authorities say that at one time this game was played on the lawn, like croquet. Now billiards is played indoors on a green-covered table — perhaps to resemble the lawn.

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Can YOU Solve These Mysteries?

These paintings show strange formations—Castle Avenue (left) and Praying Nuns—in the Colossal Cave in Tucson, Arizona.

IN Mexico, near Reforma, there is an enchanted lake. Natives refuse to guide a tourist to it because they are afraid they will not return.

Those visitors who have seen the beautiful lake say the waterfall pouring into the lake actually sings, and in caves nearby strange music can be heard.

Of course, the finding of the waterfall might be explained by the stream of water cascading down into a series of limestone basins, each one producing a different sound. And it could be the wind that is whistling through the caves.

But no native will accept this explanation. To them the lake is "enchanted."

Chatham County, North Carolina, has a 40-foot circle on which no grass has ever grown. It is called "The Devil's Tramping Ground." No birds sing here, and animals run from the spot.

There are those who say Indians trampled down the earth in their war-dances. Others claim that a mill once stood here and the hooves of the horses beat the circle as they moved around the grindstone.

Yet why do animals run from the place? No one really knows.

Out in Tucson, Arizona, excavations in the San Carlos Reservation revealed the fact that thousands of Americans once lived in the caves. Scientific evidence has proven that they moved out overnight, abandoning a civilization built over many centuries.

The caves were natural fortresses that had protected them through the ages. What entered those caves that caused them to run and leave most of their possessions behind them?

Even fish need a Sherlock Holmes. Down at Homosassa Springs in Florida, the sightseer can view both fresh and salt-water fish, about 30 species. Naturalists are puzzled since all varieties thrive in the water, some growing to a good size.

Mysteries all, and no one has a satisfactory answer.

—IRMA HEGEL

Really Good Skates

—They Had Motors and Went by Themselves—

By MAX TRELL

KNAUF and Hanid, the Shadow Children with the turnabout names, had just put on their roller skates when their friend Policeman came along.

"Good morning, Policeman," said Knarf and Hanid.

"Good morning, kids," said Policeman. "I see you're getting ready to do some roller skating."

"Yes," said Hanid. "It's lot of fun."

"Is it?" asked Policeman. "Too bad you can't go roller skating, Policeman," said Knarf.

Just Bought A Pair

"Well," said Policeman, "it's a funny thing. I just bought myself a pair of roller skates. I've got them in this package."

He opened up a little package which he had been carrying under his arm. Knarf and Hanid looked at the skates with great curiosity.

"They don't look like ordinary skates," said Knarf.

"They aren't ordinary skates," said Policeman. "Do you see that thing there?"

Policeman pointed to a small box-like affair about the size of a small matchbox under each of the skates.

"What is it?" asked Hanid.

"It's a little motor," said Policeman. "These skates go by themselves, just like an automobile. There's a button under the toes. When I press down, the wheels of the skates start turning. When I lift my toes, the skates stop. It's a wonderful invention!"

A Broken Treasure Was Restored

An ancient treasured vase of exquisite artistry can be seen in the British Museum in London. If you look closely, you can see tiny lines or cracks, reminders of a tragic disaster which happened to it in 1846.

One day when art lovers were admiring the many fine objects of art in the museum, the quietness of the place was interrupted by the sudden shattering of glass. Guards and visitors rushed to witness a dreadful and almost unbelievable sight.

On the floor lay broken pieces of blue and white glass. A man had deliberately broken a glass vase in his hand and dashed it to the marble floor. There it lay in thousands of tiny pieces.

The man must have been insane, because he said he just felt he had to break it.

Every chip of this vase was carefully saved and placed in the hands of an expert craftsman. He studied the fragments, almost hopelessly, then set to work.

After long months of tedious work, his clever hands restored this treasured object of art.

So once more we can admire this lovely glass vase. It is 10 inches high, seven inches in diameter. On the blue background are the figures of two graceful women, done in white. One woman is reclining under a fig tree, the other is on a rock. There are two handles on the vase.

Later it was bought by the English Duke of Portland, who loaned it to the British Museum. Finally, the Museum bought it.

In this vase we have an example of the exquisite work of these early Roman artists. And the fact that so delicate an object could remain intact for over sixteen hundred years, both underground and above, then be deliberately broken, was indeed a tragedy.

—GENEVIEVE BRUNSON

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Late Finesse Is Not Needed

By OSWALD JACOBY

PAUL ALLINGER of Alameda writes, "There is a hand that may interest you. My two trump opening and my partner's jump to six are both standard. If West had opened away from either of his queens I could have spread my hand but he made things as hard for me as possible by opening the seven of diamonds."

"I could count 11 top tricks and offhand it looked as if the heart finesse was my only hope. There was no hurry about it and I ran my five clubs. West's first discard was the six of hearts and his next two discards were low spades. East let three diamonds go. I discarded the deuce of hearts from dummy."

"I played the last two diamonds, stopping in dummy and not a heart discard from East and another spade from West."

NORTH 17	
♠ 10 9 8	
♥ K Q J 2	
♦ A 9 2	
♣ K J 8 3	
WEST	
♠ Q 7 5 4 3 2	
♥ Q 10 6	
♦ 7 6	
♣ 7 2	
EAST	
♠ K 6	
♥ 8 7 4 3	
♦ 10 8 5 4 3	
♣ 6 5	
SOUTH (D)	
♠ A J	
♥ A J 5	
♦ K Q J	
♣ A Q 10 9 4	
No one vulnerable	
South (West) North East	
2 N.T. Pass 6 N.T. Pass	
Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♦ 7	

"There was still no hurry about the hearts so I led a spade and finessed the jack. West returned the spade and up came 'his partner's king. This established dummy's ten of spades so I did not need the heart finesse at all."

"The hand is interesting from many points of view. Paul calls the bidding standard but it is remarkable to see the number of players that are unwilling to respond properly to opening no-trump bids."

"The defence was also very good. West made a terrific decision when he decided against the spade opening. He unguarded his queen of hearts early in order to keep three spades and it was just unfortunate for him that Paul, one of the very best of young players, was declarer."

♥ CARD SENSE ♥

Q—The bidding has been: East—South—West North 3 4 7

You, South, hold: ♠ A Q 8 7 6 ♦ A J 10 5 ♣ K J 4 What do you do?

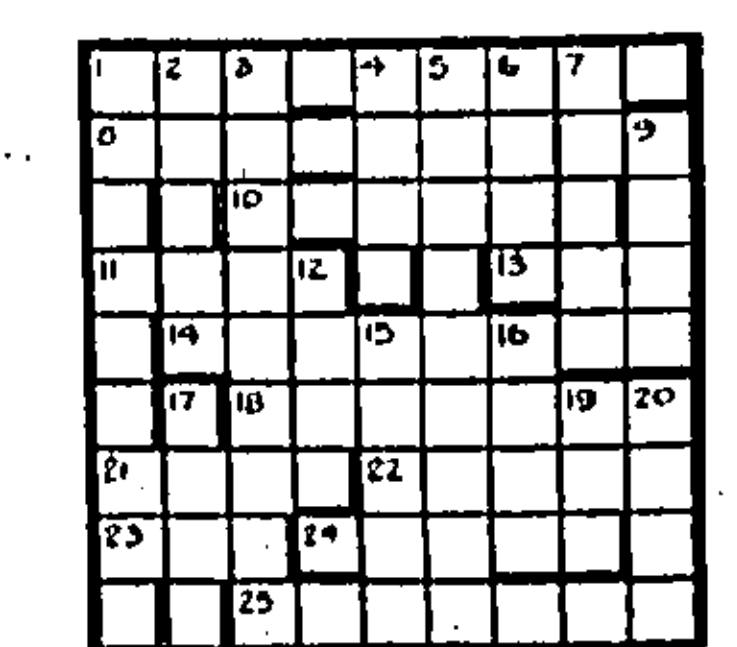
A—Double. This is a standard bidding situation and you have a perfect double.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Your partner responds four hearts to your double. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CROSSWORD



- Across
- Does this make a lot of noise one associates with a car? (5, 4)
 - Giving first aid? (9)
 - Full many a sum of this kind of ray, the dark unfathomable caves of ocean floor. (6)
 - What a beauty! (4)
 - Christopher, make it yourself with this (9)
 - Found in spider's emblem. (8)
 - It probably holds up a rose. (7)
 - Prince of the desert. (4)
 - It's a step up. (6)
 - This indicates the lady's unmarried name. (9)
 - Not the best side of the man's nature. (6)
 - One can't below the beefy beaver? (7)
- Down
- Highly polite. (8)
 - About the dog it will happen again. (5)
 - See usually a produce. (6, 4)
 - Before around me. (4)
 - She's often sung about—the very reverse of a nightmare. (7)
 - It's a danger. (4)
 - It's a song of one unit and 50 more. (10)
 - Many from football patrons. (6)
 - Employer could make a rose. (6)
 - This is just (9)
 - Top man very proud. (6)
 - The last word. (4)
 - paid. (4)
 - Man of old days. (6)

DARTWORDS START HERE

TAKE A LOOK AT THE 30-WORD DARTWORDS (marked "Start Here") you have to make your way to the centre word. To do this you must rearrange all the words in which the word appears. The words are arranged in a circle around the centre word. The words are arranged in a circle around the centre word. The words are arranged in a circle around the centre word.

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